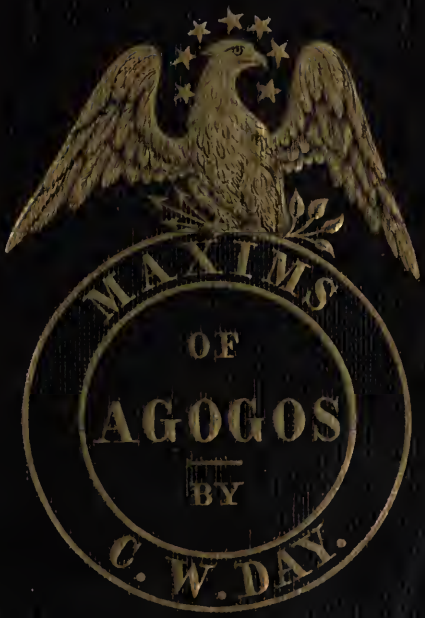
MAXIMS
OF
AGOGOS
BY
C. W. DAY.

Bequest of

Rev. H. C. Scadding, D.D.

to the Library

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1901

BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.
TORONTO, 1901.

THE

MAXIMS OF AGOGOS.

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THE

MAXIMS,

EXPERIENCES,

AND

OBSERVATIONS

OF

AGOGOS.

BY CHARLES WM. DAY,
AUTHOR OF THE
"HINTS ON ETIQUETTE."

"An I had thought he had been valiant, and so cunning of fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challenged him."

Twelfth Night.

52949
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1844.

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TO THE

AMERICAN PUBLIC.

This desultory work was written in England, for the English, and some of it, perhaps, will be applicable to the English alone. However, as human nature is pretty much the same every where, I have thought it better to let that which I had written stand, than attempt to adapt it to the new society into which I have entered. Those whom it touches not, can exclaim, with Hamlet, "*Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung;*" whilst to such as feel goaded by the spur of conscience, all I have to say is,

"Go, and sin no more."

Boston, (Mass.) *March*, 1844.

PREFACE.

It is well known that a succession of the most unquestionable infallibilities will scarcely obtain for a man the reputation of being a "prophet in his own country;" and, in England, it has even been the fate of the author of the following "Maxims" to be taken for a "*fool*," or, at least, *treated* as one without penetration enough to tell his "right hand from his left." And, in pursuance of this sagacious opinion, there is no fraud too gross, no villany too bold, that, at various times, people passing in the eyes of the world as "respectable" have not attempted to make him the victim. Patience has been mistaken for timidity, delicacy

in pointing out injustice for incapacity to discover it; whilst a natural repugnance to come to direct hostility with rogues *until all quiet means have failed*, has been construed into moral cowardice. How far these extraordinary misconceptions are justifiable, the following pages will do something to determine. At any rate, such multifarious attempts to deceive him have not been without their uses, since they have led to an analysis of cheatery which will ultimately be a protection. With a probity which has never, in any action of his life, been impugned, the author has made himself acquainted with all the frauds practised in most parts of Europe; and, in his various travels, it has been his amusement *quietly* to upset the tangled web of schemes so continually woven round strangers as to become tiresome; he has circumvented even the "Christians" of Pera, — a feat of which he is justly

proud, — has made a Greek confess that he is a man who "knows the world," — *id est*, one whom not even a Greek could cheat, — whilst neither the Maltese, the Sicilians, the Calabrese, nor the Lazzaroni of Naples, were able to "*coglionarlo.*" * The picture-dealers of Rome pronounced him to be "*furbo assai,*" † and the Swiss eyed him curiously, as that phenomenon on the Continent, an Englishman with a grain of common sense. In fact, he has passed unscathed through the ranks of all the rogues of Continental Europe, as one whom it would be difficult to dupe, and, in consequence, has received from *them* his due meed of respect; yet, for all this, only to return to his own

* *Coglionarlo;* make a fool of him.

† "Very sharp-sighted." Picture-dealers would be the greatest rogues in existence, did they not share the distinction with publishers, to either or both of whom horse-dealers are, in comparison, angels of honesty.

country to be subjected to the clumsier attempts of the more unblushing cheats of England, — men who, from THE KNOWN INACCESSIBILITY OF THE LAWS, are careless to conceal their dishonesty. The subtle Continental rogue laughs at the detection of *his* schemes, whilst the more insolent scoundrel of England attempts to bully those whom he has swindled, for daring to suspect his honesty! These are the apologies of the author in extenuation of his egotism, as being necessary to vindicate his character from the charge of "*spoony-ism*," or, at least, to give the public an opportunity of judging for themselves; and all that he hopes is, that *his* "EXPERIENCES" may not be profitless to others.

LONDON, 1843.

MAXIMS,

ETC.

Knowledge of the world depends on the power of drawing general inferences from individual examples; and he is the most likely to be correct who has the greatest number of facts at his command.

The world is a mongrel,—half spaniel, half wolf. Lash it often, and, when you require it, a whistle will bring it to your feet: show but the slightest symptom of fear, and it will turn round upon, and worry you, even unto the death.

Satire is a prompt recipe for making bitter

enemies; and the deadliest of all schisms is that created by a witticism.

If you would thrive in the world, pretend to take people at the value they set upon themselves, which may be enormous, rather than at their real worth, which may be — nothing.

The world stamps "INNOCENT" on the bold front of the successful plunderer, whilst the silent despair of the victim ruined in asserting his rights, is but too often received as evidence of a guilty attempt at extortion.

Look less at an opinion given, than at the character of him who pronounces it. Incalculable mischief is often done by people unreflectingly receiving as "authority" the opinions of a mere ass, on subjects with which they are imperfectly acquainted, but on which he is

supposed to be better informed, yet which are often the farthest from the truth, the judgment of such a person being either swayed by the most absurd prejudices, or blinded by the most ineffable conceit.

Sincerity is a high quality, but its virtues are only efficacious when discreetly applied. Human beings, at the best, are but bundles of prejudices and humours, which it will not do to cut through too abruptly, lest the ties which bind them to ourselves be also severed, and the friendship of years fall to pieces in a day. The prudent surgeon, at the same time that he exerts his skill to excise, is careful not to lacerate, lest the patient die of *mortification*. In order to be sincere, it is not necessary to say the whole of what we think: enough that we do not, for the sake of being agreeable, say that which we feel to be untrue. In our most intimate friends there are numerous failings which we have no right to point out, manifold weaknesses we must not

make weaker by tearing; and although we are wise to look as deeply into a well as our perceptions will allow us, there may be a thousand little truths at the bottom which it would be cruel to fish up.

Sincerity should be the pruning-knife of friendship, and not the monster scythe of an unfeeling rudeness, which, for one weed that it eradicates, mows down a dozen of those tender flowers which bloom only on our affections.

Madness is an excited mind, indulging in the dreams of imagination, until the heated fancy makes chimeras appear real. Drunkenness is nothing else than a temporary insanity.

If you have risen in the world, pay sedulous attention to "*little people*," as it is *they*, and not great ones, who, if offended, will seek to injure you by a thousand under-currents and contemptible means, which those of a

higher class would despise. Never forget that, by your advancement, you have become an object of envy to those whom you have outstripped in the race of life, and a tacit reproach to their want of energy or capacity, which they never forgive. You must, therefore, lay your account to be made a mark for "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

Misfortune is a *ghoul* which scents the careworn, and preys upon the anxious, but which flies from cheerfulness and mirth. To anticipate misfortune is to meet it half way; for the moral pulse quickly lowers itself down to the point of physical incapacity, and thus is the patient doubly predisposed to receive all "the ills that flesh is heir to." An unnerved man of genius is like a fine Cremona, the strings of which have been slackened; the tone is destroyed for want of a little bracing up.

Nota bene: The most finely-strung instruments get the quickest out of tune.

A wit in the society of stupid people is like a damp lucifer match, the brilliant properties of which are, for the time, neutralized by the unignitable qualities of the atmosphere in which it has been misplaced. In such a *fausse position*, it is advisable for the baffled sparkler to *go off* — as soon as he can.

"I hate clever people," said a wiseacre of Hull, "they are such d—— fools!"—a silly saying, nearly allied to a biting sarcasm.

Amongst mercantile men, an idea prevails that any man, with a capacity above chaffering for tallow or hemp, "dry goods" or "West India produce," must of necessity be, in all

money matters, a consummate ass; that a poet, painter, or, indeed, a professional or literary man of any description beyond the compiler of a "ready reckoner," must, in worldly affairs, possess the intellects of an idiot; that his brains must be eternally in the clouds, — exalted to a region far above the cares of this bread-and-butter life; and on this fallacious supposition do the trading part of the community speculate with so self-satisfied a cunning, that any merchant's clerk, shopman, or even drudge in a counting-house, — however mean his own individual capacity may be, — believes himself competent to outwit the simple man of genius. In the harum-scarum, scrambling days of Goldsmith, Gainsborough, Sheridan, and the rest of the *poco curante** school, when wit and gambling went hand in hand, there might have been some grounds for such an idea; but when — as in the case of Garrick, Reynolds, or Byron, with many others equally careful — it has been

* Devil may care.

shown that the man of genius has usually a twofold existence, his ideal being quite distinct from his matter-of-fact life, such an opinion is too impertinent to permit of its being longer passed without comment.

Mercantile men too generally omit to analyze themselves, — to consider how often *they* fail or are outwitted in business, or how frequently *their* most profound calculations are neutralized by circumstances which they can neither foresee nor control. If such would only dispassionately examine themselves, comparing their unfortunate speculations with the occasional carelessness of men of genius, they would probably find that, in the aggregate, the balance of worldly wisdom, if not against them as merchants, would, at least, be equalized, — sufficiently so, certainly, to correct an impression which is an insult to all intellect of a higher calibre than their own.

Genius without judgment, or judgment without genius, only make half a great character:

it is the combination of a genius to create, with the judgment to control, that forms the truly great man. Charles XII. was a specimen of genius without judgment, Wellington of judgment without genius, whilst Napoleon was a magnificent instance of the two combined.

It is the weakness of men of sense to despise fools; yet they are objects of pity rather than of contempt. Human intellect varies in its powers; and (however different may be the result) a silly person goes to the extent of whatever degree of reflection the Creator has granted him, equally with a Newton or a Johnson. The judgment has limits beyond which it cannot be strained, nor for the deficiency of which is its possessor quite responsible. Indeed, no man can, of himself, judge whether he speaks or writes sense or nonsense; for that depends solely on the decision of the world. All would be Solons if they could. Besides, the civilized world is so constituted,

that not one man in a thousand is in his proper place, or enabled to follow out those inclinations which are usually the wires of his genius. Wellington *might* have been a tailor, or Buonaparte — a miniature painter. A "sovereign ruler" often is — an idiot; whilst the wit of a Chesterfield is sometimes hidden in the dingy draperies of a chimney-sweep. Nay, how often does the merest accident reveal to the man himself powers of which he was previously unconscious, and for which, when discovered, the world will scarcely give him credit! The *mediocre* musician, inapt at that science which appeals only to our weaknesses, (i. e. our *feelings*,) shines forth in the plenitude of human strength — the *reasoning* mathematician. How often is the boy of genius apparently a fool, only because circumstances have directed his powers into a wrong channel, or because, for instruction, he happens to have fallen into the hands of a conceited *ignoramus!* "Etty was once a pupil of mine," said a wretched country drawing-master; "but I found him so stupid

that I could make nothing of him." Time has proved that the deficiency was not in the brilliant painter, but in the incapacity of the miserable instructor to fit his mean rules on the comprehensive mind of the "English Titian." The severity of a shallow judgment has likewise something to do with the estimation in which a man of genius is held. "Kean * was for a long time playing in *our* town, but *we* thought nothing of him," said a mincing miss, affecting the critic. "Never, for your own sake, or for the credit of your pig-sty town, repeat such a remark," was the advice offered in reply to this; "since, by underrating the powers of a man whom the most cultivated intellects of the age have placed on the throne of his profession, you do not show how superior your judgments were to the rest of the world, but merely how incapable you were of appreciating a genius in reality far beyond the range of your limited comprehension." This

* Kean, *père*.

ignorant conceit is the *fungus* which saps country towns.

An awkward, *gauche manner* sometimes unjustly procures for a sensible man the character of being "a fool"; and, subsequently to hearing such a false opinion pronounced, (and received, too, as truth, without the slightest investigation,) it has fallen to our lot to have become acquainted with these misunderstood persons, only to find them shrewd and well informed, occasionally, perhaps, saying sensible things in a *silly manner*, yet never making a foolish observation. A single-minded man, above all petty and contemptible arts, often obtains the *soubriquet* of "an ass," merely because those who sit in judgment on him are unable to comprehend his straightforwardness, or to conceive that talent can exist unmixed with wiliness or intrigue, which, in reality, are the indications of a second-rate mind. Many *ordinary intellects* mistake the crooked ways and duplicity they accustom themselves to practise, even on the

most simple affairs, for profound knowledge and deep penetration: never was there a greater error.

Rogues, also, incapable of understanding the wisdom of honesty, look upon the sentiments of the upright as indications of consummate folly. How often do we hear, "What a goose that Mr. Worthy is! he had all the game in his own hands; *he could have done as he liked;* yet positively he refused to take advantage of it," — as a common remark on a person who has acted with principle. "T' dom'd stupid chap began to taalk to me of honour and honesty, and *sich loike stuff*," said a rascal in Hull * of an honest man; and he was by no means singular in his estimation of rectitude. It must also be remembered that few people are capable of analyzing what they hear, or of separating sense from sound, *matter* from *manner*. So the wise man of simple manners passes for a fool, and the shallow-pated dogmatist for

* Hull in England.

a clever fellow, merely because he pronounces a valueless opinion with an air of decision.

Sheridan was one proof that wit in speech and folly in action are not infrequently united in the same person. So, many who display shrewdness and tact in the every-day occurrences of life, often, in affairs of importance, evince a most lamentable want of judgment. A witty ass, a cunning fool, or a simple wise man, are not such anomalous characters as might at first be imagined.

A wise and honest man looks to broad facts, and forms his judgment from *them;* a rogue endeavours to lead your attention off the true scent, away to details, that he may puzzle and confound you with *minutiæ* always difficult to detect, and sometimes impossible to deny, but which, nevertheless, are nothing more than stakes laid in your path to trip you up,

that he may plunder you at his convenience. If, therefore, the broad facts appear suspicious, *doubt*, but if details be brought to aid them, *be sure*, that you are in the high road to be deceived.

The purest motives are often misunderstood or wilfully perverted; but time generally rectifies all. It is better, therefore, quietly to submit to the odium of a few weeks, than, by premature explanations, bring upon ourselves regrets which may last for years, or even embitter the whole of our future lives.

Never trust a man whom you know to have acted like a scoundrel to others, whatever friendliness he may profess to feel towards yourself, however plausible he may be, or however kindly he may behave; be sure that, the moment he has any thing to gain by so doing, he will "throw you over." Depend on it, that

the same want of principle which governed his actions in other instances, will stick to him through life, and he is not likely to make you an exception; his treachery has not been eradicated, only subdued, because the temptation has not been sufficiently strong. "Once a villain, always a villain," is a very sound maxim. "Don't trust F—— farther than you can see him," said a lady to "us"; "he has been friendly to you, and kind to me; but, nevertheless, he would wrong either were it only worth his while." One short month proved how well-grounded was the caution.

It is astonishing with what virulence shallow people will hate you, if their (fancied) skilfully-laid schemes to entrap you should fail, and painfully droll to think how bitter the small spider is against the great blue-bottle, who sails quietly through the flimsy web spread for him, breaking his way right and left, without deigning to show that there has been any obstruc-

tion. The reason is, that, by your escape, the wily one is lowered in his own estimation; he is not so clever as he thought himself, whilst the weakness of his snare has been exposed to the ridicule of the world; and, although your powers command his respect, the leaven of envy acts as a stimulant to his mortification, and engenders that deep hatred which the meanly-minded ever feel towards those who have manifested a superiority they could not themselves have attained.

There is no by-word so frequently in the mouth of a rogue or of a common-place person as "*eccentricity*," pronounced as a censure on the conduct of his neighbours. It is a convenient term, used to express a dislike to those who will not act as the interests of him who applies it may require. It is also the usage of some to call those "*eccentric*" of whom they cannot say any thing worse. A man who will not *quietly* allow a rogue to plunder him,

— who takes the liberty to look into his own accounts, or the trouble to expose a fraud, — is "*eccentric*," and, in the vocabulary of a tradesman, "a troublesome, ill-natured fellow" into the bargain. An ass pronounces him to be "*eccentric*" who does not cut his melon or drink his Champagne as he himself would do, or who presumes to wear his kid gloves of a colour different from that prescribed by the still greater ass who happens to lead the fashion.

The "divine" chooses to consider those as "*eccentric*" who do not give implicit credence to all he preaches, whilst the soldier swears that all are "*eccentric*" who *do* believe it. The swindler pronounces those to be "inscrutably odd persons," and "*eccentric*" to boot, who are honest, honourable men, that pay their debts. In short, to be virtuous, or in any way distinguished, *is* to be "*eccentric*," or "out of the circle," since but few are so; to have talent enough to think for yourself is "*eccentric*," for few *can* do so; and to have energy enough to act up to your own ideas, is "*eccentric*," for

few have the moral courage to do so. People like "original thinkers," but require that a man who *thinks* for himself should *act* like the wretched plodders by whom he is surrounded. This is, in the face of it, a sheer absurdity; for to suppose that a man who *dares think* for himself should not *act* up to his ideas, is to require that which a simpleton alone could expect. In truth, the rogue *fears* the energy of the "*original*," as likely to disconcert his schemes, and trusts to set the current of public opinion against him by stigmatizing him as "*eccentric*."

Common-place people, who are destitute of the qualities requisite to raise them above the herd; who take every thing for granted, neither asking nor requiring a reason; who lack the talent to think or the energy to act, but, on the contrary, are contented to tread in the steps of those by whom they were preceded, though led by a simpleton or headed by a knave, — such *alone* are NOT "*eccentric*," for they cannot either say or do any thing worthy

of being recorded; such are as much *in* the "circle" as a flock of geese, each of whom follows with his bill in the tail of the one in advance.

"He is such an eccentric man!" is a common apology offered by insolent persons to extenuate or gloss over the bad taste or bad feeling of which they are conscious of having been guilty towards another; the offended one having unexpectedly, and much to their confusion, resented it, and exposed them.

The "*eccentric*" *man* is generally the pioneer of mankind, cutting his way the first into the gloomy depths of unexplored science, overcoming difficulties that would check meaner spirits, and then holding up the light of his knowledge to guide thousands, who, but for *him*, would be wandering about in all the uncertainty of ignorance, or be held in the fetters of some selfish policy which they had not of themselves the energy to throw off.

Without really "*eccentric*" people, therefore, the world would stagnate, and rapidly sink

down to a level with, or even *below*, the brute creation. We much more quickly retrograde than advance; and the moral cultivation of a thousand years may be lost in a single century.

There is a spurious sort of eccentricity, so base and contemptible, that it is only noticed here because it passes off on simple people as real; it is that of a shallow fool, who does senseless and out-of-the-way things, merely in hopes of being noticed.

It would also be well to remember that we are apt to stigmatize as "*eccentric*," actions, the reasons for which we have not wit enough to comprehend, but which, were the motives explained, would probably make us shrink into ourselves at our own want of penetration, and elevate the seemingly "eccentric fool" into a man of the highest genius.

Those who flourish by ministering to the meanest feelings of their superiors in wealth and position, may be compared to worms in

the human body, which thrive by feeding on the *fæces* of their patrons. What a reflection for a toady!

If you are truly wise, you will conceal your knowledge from the world, and let every fool think himself your superior, *especially if you have any thing to gain by him;* for envy is the strongest passion of the weak, and mediocrity is the hot-bed on which all the meaner passions flourish. Remember that the predominant feelings of the English are pomposity and display, and that genius is only respected when beyond requiring assistance, and that, if you are dependent on your talent, any ass, who is richer than you are, can revenge himself for your possession of a superiority which humiliates *him*, by withholding from you that dross without which the wisest of humanity would sink. The greatest trial to which a man of genius is exposed is the necessity of conciliating his wealthier inferiors in capacity, and conceal-

ing, under the mask of humility, the disgust which their airs of superiority excite. It would be curious to know how such a person as Lord Londonderry * would treat Shakespeare, who, were he to return to the earth, might, perhaps, in England, get a clerk's place of £200 a year in the custom-house, or Milton excite sympathy enough to obtain a presentation to the "Asylum for the Blind," and both be considered very handsomely provided for too; whilst the valet of a titled man gets £800 a year as porter to the House of Lords!!

In foreign countries, knavery shows itself rather in an amusing and inartificial attempt to impose, than as a serious intention, laughter following detection. In England alone is

* To avoid ambiguity, we mean the *present* Lord Londonderry,—he whom Brougham gibbeted in Parliament as a "*Thing* of a Lord;" to confirm the justice of which epithet, it is only necessary to read his talentless "Journal to Constantinople."

roguery made a solemn trade, impudently backed by a pretension to integrity which is without the slightest foundation. It is this which makes the English cheat so much more difficult than the foreign one to deal with; since John Bull is ever throwing in your face his pretensions to superior virtue, nay, perhaps even of sanctity, whilst, as a reserve, he brings against you a charge of injured honesty, sustained by a battery of wounded feelings that might confound a Quaker, or puzzle that true scion of the devil, — *a Jesuit.*

If you would escape the most unforgiving hatred, never find fault with any favourite preacher whom you may have been called upon to admire, for he is generally the JOSS of his followers, and the candour of expressing a doubt as to his merits is an insult never forgiven you. Men set up an *idol* on which they pin their faith, and then expect all the world to bow down to it; and any refusal offends, as it

implies a doubt of their judgment. Remember that, of all the circles in which society gyrates, the "religious world" turns round in the narrowest, and that its bigotry is in proportion to its unacquaintance with all that is going on about it. Those who see the most, compare and balance; whilst those of limited experience verify the aphorism on which the Jesuits act in keeping their flock in ignorance, — "*Chi non sa niente — dubita niente*," "He who knows nothing doubts nothing," — until the usually-fustian orator your friends have assisted to set up, becomes, in time, the

"God of their idolatry,"

at whom it is bad policy to throw stones.

Never ask a favour from a *parvenu* or a "Jack-in-Office;" for, if granted at all, it will be in a manner the most humiliating to yourself; and never, if it can be avoided, accept one from any man, *unless you are certain that*

he is a gentleman in feeling, in which case he will have more pleasure in conferring than you in receiving.

Cunning is seeing a hundred yards ahead — *wisdom*, fifty miles in advance. So the cunning man is brought to a stand-still, because, from peering so closely at the stones under his nose, he has overlooked the swamp to which his by-path leads; whilst the wise man has seen the one and the other, only to decide on the best way of avoiding both.

Life is often wasted in a search after unattainable advantages, and generally, through the scruples of pride and vanity, our happiness is delayed from day to day, by a rejection of those pleasures and benefits which *are* within our reach. The English are also martyrs to an absurd decorum; and a man would rather faint from fatigue than sit on a post to rest

himself; whilst, in open daylight, it would require more moral courage in a "*gentleman*" to take a draught of water from the town pump than to lead a "forlorn hope."

Those who are talentless themselves are the first to talk about the conceit of others; for mediocrity bears but one flower — ENVY.

Those who have *earned* such excellent appendages to their comforts, should be silent about "my horses," "my carriage," "my son's private tutor," or "my place in the country," as such things are never mentioned by those to whom they are matters of course. We remember once having been so overpowered at the honour of dining in company with a man who, in less than five minutes, informed those assembled, of his "private tutor" and his "place in the country," that we were struck dumb for the remainder of the evening; and there are many

modest men who, in such cases, suffer equally with ourselves.

It is a curious trait in the female character, that no woman is satisfied unless, by direct or indirect means, she obtains an absolute control over whatever man happens to be placed within her influence. No matter what her sphere or relative position may be, — wife, sister, mistress, or servant, — she considers that she has not gained her rights until she has acquired the direction and management of his affairs.* This invariable attempt at subjugation is quietly but perseveringly pursued, barely perceptible, perhaps, but unceasing. It is managed with infinite tact; the cord is tightened or loosened according to circumstances; but the strain, however gentle, is never relinquished.

* It must be remembered that this was written on *English* ladies: whether it applies to those of America, the author has not had sufficient experience to decide; he however *hopes not.*

This object is openly avowed by some, as being proper, but, by the greater part, is pursued covertly; "The best way is to rule without showing that you rule" being an orthodox female maxim. It is needless to say that a man is despised in proportion as he permits the reins to be taken from him. "We all make the attempt, but we despise the man who suffers it," said a lady more candid than most; and be it said, that, when the power is once obtained, it is generally exercised in a most merciless manner, and becomes a rule of iron. A woman hates the man who sees too clearly into the wiles and artifices of her sex; she considers that he knows more than he ought to know; for, as a consequence, all hope of obtaining power over *him* is neutralized. And we have known women in whom the love of rule was so strong, that they have taken violent dislikes to such mere ordinary male acquaintances as they could not bend to their yoke. In France, at the present day, women are suffering from a reaction of that

power which they have so long usurped, and so often abused. Frenchmen have broken bonds which were ever unnatural, and which, at length, became intolerable; and females have been reduced to their proper position in the social scale, — into *passive* instead of active beings, restricted to that duty to which they were by nature intended — *the rearing of children;* and their interference with policies with which they have not the moral courage to grapple, nor the strength of mind to reason on, is no longer permitted.*

Half the apparent inconsistency of our conduct towards each other arises from the utter

* It is but justice to the American ladies to say that the above strictures apply solely to English women; as, from all that we have heard and seen in America, the ladies here have greatly the advantage in good temper, unambitious tranquillity, and OBEDIENCE. Indeed, the travelling experience of the author has long taught him that the English, as a body, are the most ill-natured people in Europe.

impossibility of acknowledging to people *the whole* of what we know or think of them, — of coming to fair and candid explanations, which, however they might enlighten, would, in a cruel degree, wound the *amour propre* of those with whom we are in the act of treating, whether it be of love or a less romantic negotiation. Human nature will not with impunity suffer its weaknesses to be set at bay, and few, even of those nearest and dearest to us, could bear to have feelings, motives, and affairs, exposed, which they flatter themselves are hidden from the world. In society, much is implied and perfectly understood, which, if openly asserted, would be denied. And, if this be true of individuals, how much more so is it of families! How much more is known of their connections, circumstances, habits, and grievances, than it would be delicate to avow! And so, being more than they themselves imagine possible to be known, they are prepared to deny what they believe could never have escaped from

out their own circle, and to brand as "*inconsistent*," actions which have merely been governed by a knowledge of every link in the chain.

If you would revenge yourself on those who have slighted you, BE SUCCESSFUL; it is a bitter satire on their want of judgment; to show that you can do without them, a galling wound to the self-love of proud, inflated people; but you must reckon on their hatred, as they will never forgive you.

Almost the only reward which the Almighty seems to vouchsafe, in this world, to a virtuous, well-spent life, is — AN EASY DEATH-BED; but that alone is worth living morally for.

The most trying misfortune that can befall a man, is to be domesticated with a bad-

tempered woman; and when a woman *is* of a bad temper, she is a thousand times worse, more insolent, dogged, and vicious, than any man, — often, indeed, a very devil incarnate; because, as she is fully aware that you can neither thresh her nor kick her down stairs, she has you so far in her power, and, to the extent of human forbearance, takes advantage of the impunity awarded to her sex. It was surely a great oversight in Buffon not to class *le beau sexe* as a variety of the "feline race;" for, in spite of what policy induces poets and novelists to write, the characteristics are much the same, namely, the treachery and spitefulness one to the other, the littleness and love of torture. The test of this is, that, whatever they may pretend, sincere friendship amongst women is very rare; they are seldom true to each other. "Why do you women kiss each other when you meet?" said we once to a young Italian lady. "O! *ours* is only the kiss of Judas Iscariot; we never kiss *but those we hate*," was the prompt reply. The practical

working of all this is, that there is the greatest difficulty in getting men to marry who have seen much of the world, and *that*, too, in exact proportion as they are removed from the mere animal. The difference of disposition between men and women may be thus illustrated: If a dozen women were shut up together for a month, they would commence civilly enough; but the chances are, that, at the end of that time, each would be at variance with the other; the petty jealousies, vanity, and pride, so constantly in action, would engender downright hatred; — whereas, were *men* so situated, though likely enough to be churlish at first, they would gradually thaw, and probably separate with feelings of the most cordial friendship. There is, indeed, but one thing in which women agree, *i. e.* in hating the man who is too well acquainted with their diplomacy, too conversant with the small intrigues they put in action to obtain their ends — that of catching a green-horn.

Nota bene: Should the above be considered ungallant as coming from a man, it is neces-

sary to say that, in England, these are the opinions which women themselves hold of each other.

The Italians have an excellent term, — "*ben posto*," "well placed," — and say "that it is better to be an ass well placed in the world, than to be born a genius without influence;" meaning that a simpleton, when placed in a certain position in life, will, without any merit, and with scarcely an effort of his own, acquire wealth and dignities, whilst the man of science, industry, and genius, may struggle unsuccessfully for years, and, with all his pains, gain at last but a sorry competence, and no honour.

A lover is often most unjustly ridiculed for investing the woman for whom he has a passion, with qualities and feelings that she may not in reality possess; but in this, as in most cases, the world delights to judge unkindly;

for it ought not to be overlooked that he is merely clothing the idol of his affections with his own beautiful conceptions of what she should be, — transferring to *her* a superiority of sentiment which, in fact, belongs to himself, since it must have existed in his own mind before it could have been brought forward to adorn that of another. The pleasures of the world are all in imagination, else what a curse would existence be! It has been said that "To the holy all things are holy;" and, when a man of high feeling *does* invest a woman with a halo of such purity, what a holy thing in his eyes does she not become! and, however undeserving she may in reality be, a man is no more to be laughed at for sprinkling over her the passion-flowers of his fancy, than is the gardener who covers some ordinary edifice with jasmine or clematis; and by so doing, solely by the force of his own associations and appreciation of the exquisite, does he raise to the sublime an object in itself inferior, perhaps, even to worthlessness. We may indeed

regret that the florist had no better vehicle on which to expend such a profusion of love and affection; but decorations like these, though illusive, deserve to be treated with indulgence, if only for their beauty. A virtuous wife may be a "crown of jewels" to her husband; but, to a woman of right feelings, a man of elevated sentiment ought to be the resting-place of her faith between earth and heaven.

Perhaps the greatest mistake we make in this world is to invest others with sentiments and feelings which, if not exclusively our own, are confined to the few, and then to wonder that they awaken no sympathy in the breasts of such of the many as we are desirous should participate in them. In nine cases out of ten, the disappointment this occasions will be in exact proportion to the high feelings which have governed our motives; for it is a sad truth, that the purer, more disinterested, our objects are, the fewer will be found to believe

in or to be capable of appreciating them; since, as they form the exceptions to the rule, they are but calculated to excite suspicions of their sincerity in such as have been saddened by their experiences of the general baseness of the world. Principles may be too excellent to be understood by the commonly minded, or else will positively generate hatred, by shaming those who profess to believe that virtue is but a name, and whose conduct is swayed by the most contemptible and narrow motives. There are few things that so absolutely sicken a man of noble disposition, as to find that the high principles which he has made the basis of his actions have only exposed him to suspicion as a hypocrite in the minds of the politic. Ridicule as an idealist, by the worldly, or dislike from those who consider society merely as their prey, — and as these three classes form by far the majority of mankind, — is it not hopeless to expect that, amidst such a mass of rottenness, *we* ourselves should be fortunate enough to discover the one bright exception, — the

pearl that, by its purity, will reflect back the light which is seeking it out? And, disheartening though it be, is it not better to lower our expectations down to what we know to be the tone of those around us, than to wait for a sympathy so rarely attainable, that the search will, in all human probability, only end in the most bitter disappointment?

The great parties, Whig and Tory, in their contentions for supremacy, may be likened to two sturdy robbers struggling which shall acquire the privilege of plundering a wealthy but stupid victim, who is silly enough to believe that they are extracting his valuables for *his* particular interest, instead of their own; whereas the rogues, whilst patching up his crazy house with sand, take care to throw sufficient dust in his eyes to blind him, until they can portion their confederates with the spoils they are filching. After all, John Bull is but a golden calf, who has been so thoroughly *ox-*

ydized by political chemists, that any metal which may have been left in him is too much debased to pass current, as it once did, in any part of the world.

People are willing enough to show pride themselves, though they cannot bear that others should be equally proud, and should resist an assumption which, in England, is rarely well founded. OFFENSIVE pride, which is intolerable, produces *defensive* pride, which is only self-respect; and nothing is so unpalatable to arrogant people as to meet with scorn, where they but expected an unqualified admission of superiority.

Were it possible to be as intimately acquainted with the members of a large family, their undisguised habits, tastes, tempers, and relative positions in the circle, as they are with those of each other, how few would marry

amongst them! How often, in the supposed "united family," does internal discord only cease on the approach of the male visitor, (especially if he be an "eligible!") How often has the apparently "domestic father" another family in "a *sly corner*," the disunited parents seeming affectionate in company only to save appearances! How often is "the pet of the family," "the meekest, most dove-like girl," in reality violent, or a shrew! and how frequently do we hear the most delicately-neat *looking* creature accused not only of slovenly, but even of dirty habits, by those who, from their apparent insignificance, it has not been thought worth while to blind! How often does the graceful white satin dress cover a well-padded deformity, and the *eaux des mille fleurs* but overpower a less fragrant odour, only to be discovered when the irrevocable knot is tied! And how many, who marry in the anticipation of revelling in all the joys which sweeten life, see the morning's light but to feel that disap-

pointment which Jacob experienced when "he awoke, and beheld that it was Leah!"

Obtuse people, of coarse habits and blunted feelings, seek Tragedy and maudlin sentiment, which act as goads to stimulate their sluggish perceptions. But sensitive people, of keen and cultivated feelings, being, by nature and education, too much alive to pain to admire fictitious woes, prefer Farce, Punch, and Pantomime. It is for this reason that Tragedy, with its mawkish compound, "sentimental Comedy," flourish at the Victoria, the Pavilion, and other low neighbourhoods, when, at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, they would be played to empty benches. People of intellectual pursuits and refined tastes visit the theatre as a *relaxation* from study, or an escape from dulness; consequently, with *them*, the change of scene, the brilliant lights, and the cheerful music, form in themselves half the requisites for enjoyment; *they* draw no moral from the play, and only

require that the performances should amuse, without giving them the trouble to reflect or feel very deeply, or the pain of having their sympathies "stirred up with a long pole." Few people, with tender skins, would, for amusement only, offer sore places to be touched with lunar caustic, or raise a blister merely for the pleasure of having it torn open.

Matrimonial coldnesses, sometimes ending in complete alienation of feeling, from positive disgust, often arise from personal neglect on the part of the woman, consequent on her not understanding the general sensitiveness of men on such subjects; for never is an increase of delicacy more imperative in a female than at the moment when, perhaps, she considers a portion of that which has previously been maintained in the presence of the opposite sex may be safely dispensed with. It is a fact long observed, and often commented on by men, that, in the personal details of life, *a*

woman has a less acute perception of the nasty — less delicacy — than a man, and often, indeed, laughs at his fastidiousness — a peculiar constitution of nature, by which she is enabled, without repugnance, to fulfil the unromantic duties of the nursery; and refined women will, with apparent indifference, execute offices at which men of only moderate squeamishness would revolt.

Women should never allow themselves to forget that, in the eyes of most men, they are more or less invested with a preposterous degree of personal delicacy. Many men, indeed, cherish such exaggerated ideas of female refinement as are quite inconsistent with the frailties of our natures, but which, *since they do exist*, it is wise in women, as far as possible, to sustain, yet which, in the novel bond and startling intimacy with one of another sex into which matrimony throws them, they are too apt to forget, and to become *too confidential* on subjects which destroy all illusion, and insensibly act as antidotes to that mental refine-

ment which, in men, accompanies the gratification of even the grosser passions. Though all may be known, there is much which it would be wise not to press upon the notice.

Not possessing the moral courage of a SWIFT, there are many instances of a want of conjugal delicacy to which we dare not do more than allude, but which quickly destroy the ethereal, and reduce the marriage tie to a very matter-of-fact affair indeed. It cannot be *very* agreeable or requisite to a sensitive husband to have it pointed out to him the time at which his wife *is going to take physic*, nor gratifying to hear a recapitulation of its probable effects. "These pills are for to-night, *my dear*, and the black draught for the morning," conjure up images which are dangerously antiuxorious; and it is such candid demonstrations of having "nothing to conceal" which force the delicate lover over the boundaries of a desirable romance, and confer on him the doubtful privilege of feeling himself merely the male half of a matrimonial team.

It is astonishing how greatly a strict observance of the little punctilios of domestic life conduces to the maintenance of respect, even amongst persons of the same sex, and the absence of which, to an Englishman, renders travelling *comfortably* with a Frenchman all *but* impossible. The axiom of our great bard — "Too much familiarity breedeth contempt" — ought doubly to be kept in view in an intercourse so intimate as that of the marriage state, especially where, from the lenity of society towards men, women are the greatest sufferers from neglect. A wrinkled stocking, an old slipper, a dirty pocket-handkerchief, or a false curl dangling from a dressing-glass, by contrasting, in the eyes of the husband, with the trimness of his lady when dressed for a *soirée*, and thereby showing how artificial were the attractions of the "sylph" to which he has given his devotion, is very likely to produce a revulsion of feeling, ending in coldness at the very least.

Byron seems to have carried to an extreme

his fastidiousness, in not liking to see women eat; yet, at least, there are viands and beverages, as well as actions, which, by common consent, have been pronounced unfeminine. Few men would like their female connections to boast of their ability to walk ten miles *sans cesse*, and then to refresh themselves with a pound of beefsteaks and a pot of porter, excellent restoratives though they be; for who could associate with refinement the smell of porter, cheese, or onions, whilst conversing with one whose breath should be "*sweet air*"? Yet, by women in private, a preference is given to "Guinness"* over wine, whilst *gin and water* is the panacea of the dressing-room — both swallowed, it is true, from an idea of the strengthening properties of the one, and the medicinal virtues of the other, yet neither in-

* "Porter" brewed in Dublin, and called "Guinness's stout." At present, it is administered wholesale, by astute English physicians, to weakly women, as a "support," having also the desirable property of inducing biliousness in a supereminent degree.

dicative of the predominance of the *spirituelle* over the physical, as they rather conjure up "visions of fairies fed on tripe." All these things may be natural, nay, probably necessary; but, knowing what most men feel on such matters, we cannot give women better advice on the subject of delicacy than did an old sea captain on that of "*decency*" to a riotous mess of midshipmen: "For God's sake, gentlemen, if you haven't got any decency, SHAM A LITTLE."

Never judge of a man by his conduct either to his equals, his superiors, or to the lowest class of all; but notice how he behaves to those immediately below him in position, for *that* is the true test of whatever arrogance or kindness is in his nature. Many a proud man would walk side by side with a dustman or a bricklayer's labourer, who would not be seen with his valet or his tailor; as, with the "unwashed," the contrast is too obvious to be

mistaken for companionship; but a man must have a very lofty sense of his own superiority, who could afford to walk about with his inferiors in station, probably as well dressed as himself, and apparently his equals, though holding situations more distinguished for their utility than for the rank assigned them in society.

Common sense is the art of tolerating the humbugs practised by the rogues around you on the fools their neighbours. *Uncommon sense* is shown in keeping your own counsel on the matter; and *uncommon nonsense* is exposing such frauds for the benefit of those either too weak to profit by it, or too ungrateful to acknowledge it if they did.

Whenever we hear the epithet of "a sensitive person" applied by one to another, we shall seldom be wrong in setting down the

speaker as a coarse, obtuse, or vulgarly-minded person. We hear much about "sensitive people," but we seldom hear the truth. When a man of any spirit has been *thoroughly affronted by neglect, and every other tacit and implied species of impertinence*, in order to show how great we are, and how little he is in comparison, and he repels our advances when we do condescend to make them, he is called "a sensitive person," as an apology to our ruffled self-love; as, when too late to retract our error, we find ourselves subjected to the mortification of having it demonstrated to the laughing eyes of the world that we are not such very important members of society as we had deluded ourselves into believing. There is not, perhaps, a more pitiable position than to be deservedly repulsed by those whom we once affected to consider as below our notice.

In England, an aristocracy is much wanted, as, at present, we have nothing of the sort.

We want high principles, kindly feelings, and noble actions. Now we have but equivocal birth, insolent assumption, and sounding titles. No wonder that even the meanest rebel, when they find those *who style themselves* their "betters" are as base as themselves.

Injuries unatoned, and insults unneutralized by apology, only sink deeper with time, and magnify with remoteness, until the rupture that, at first, a word might have united, becomes, by time alone, a breach too wide to be healed.

Doubt superhumanly "sweet and gentle creatures;" be very cautious how you trust in the placidity of women who seem to be endowed with such a confounding degree of amiability, that, in comparison, you fancy yourself a monster of ill nature; women who are constantly twitting you with being "unamiable," — who profess to have their own minds so

angelically well regulated that nothing can ruffle them, — no *contre temps*, however startling, can throw off their balance, for they are generally playing a part. We have met with half a dozen such "doves" in the course of our life, and *all* have turned out to be the veriest tigresses imaginable — regular domestic fiends. In society, ill-tempered or bad-hearted people, conscious of their real characters, often wear a mask of excessive blandness. Remember that few things are softer than the paws of a cat *when her talons are sheathed.*

Do not forget that to be amiable and unirritated under the manifold vexations of life *is not natural to any of us*, and is either assumed for a time, as a cloak, which is common enough, or must result from an intellect of the very highest order, and then only when softened by experience, and a belief that adversity falls on us from a greater Power than the mere villany of man or the ordinary casualties of life, in which case meekness becomes resignation — a degree of philosophy so uncom-

mon, that, if it be not borne out by many collateral evidences of a superior mind, we are justified in doubting its sincerity, and in suspecting of hypocrisy obviously inferior capacities. We should be fortunate, indeed, to meet with a Sir Isaac Newton or a Mrs. Hannah More even *once* in a lifetime.

When the simulators of "amiability" *are* caught off their guard, there are few things more startling than to witness the transition from the angel to the fury; in French women it is positively appalling. There is a placidity arising from apathy or obtuseness which sometimes passes for amiability; but it is too nearly allied to stupidity to deceive many — in fact, too dull to be dangerous.

Since any man can become rich who is base enough to keep a brothel, a gin palace, or a gambling house, so any man can rise in the world, who, by obsequiousness, is mean enough to truckle to the pride, gratify the

vanity, or minister to the depravities, of those who have favours to bestow. It is in this way that harlots become countesses, panders "noblemen," and tutors bishops, whilst, from the absence of such degrading pliabilities, the high-minded and honourable man remains where he was. Truly, as the world is constituted, modesty and honesty seem to be great mistakes.

In the struggle between Whig and Tory, as between the Catholic and Protestant priesthood, the real question is carefully kept out of sight. It is not, "Which is the truth?" or, "What is best for the welfare of the people?" but how they can be most easily subjugated. In all ages, the art of civil and religious governing has been but the art of plausible swindling.

Ladies should never ask strange gentlemen to read or translate Latin or Greek quotations;

as, although it is presumed that men are acquainted with those languages, they may not be, and thus, by having their ignorance exposed, they are unnecessarily put to the blush. If there be a father, brother, or cousin, near, of whose acquirements a woman is sure, it is all very well; *they* are the proper persons to whom to apply: besides, as a man never recovers the self-esteem which has been publicly lowered, and rarely forgives the thoughtless woman by whom it has been wounded, proportionate care should be taken not to subject him to the chance of such an humiliation.

Never talk of the "nobility"; never use the term "aristocracy";* since nothing can be more absurd or vulgar, because, as classes,

* *Αριστος*, the best or noblest, obviously only one in a million, for it depends on qualities, not name. The Italians are wiser than ourselves, for they generally say, "*É un uomo titolato*," "He is a titled man;" they know better than to talk about "nobility."

people with such qualities never did nor ever will exist. A scoundrel, placed in a certain position, may, by intrigue, easily become a marquis, a "*ruffiano*"* a baronet, or a courtesan a countess, more readily, indeed, than a man or woman of noble sentiments, who would disdain to avail themselves of the same despicable means. And then where is your "nobility"? Use instead the words "a titled man," or "titled people," for such are descriptive. If we have been fools for ages, there is no reason why we should continue to be so; and the first proof we can give of our real advance in rationality is, that we substitute correct terms for the ridiculous ones now in use.

Never pretend to judge of people from what you see of them in society; for it often happens that the most delightful actors in the

* *Ruffiano;* in modern Hellenic, φαππα. We leave the meaning as a puzzle to the "young idea."

puppet-show of a *soirée* are the least worth knowing, and have some sinister end of their own to gain by "doing the agreeable." Like Sheffield plate, they bear only a few shining particles outside, as a lure for simpletons; and, as the serpent attracts by the beauty of its skin, so are there many unprincipled and depraved characters who make a study of being "fascinating," as a palliative to their vicious lives, with the hope that agreeable manners may pass current with the world as emanating from a pure mind. Remember that men or women really possessed of high qualities and feelings cannot so readily unbend, nor bring themselves to be "all things to all men;" they would despise themselves were they to make the effort, and are rarely very accessible but to such as possess the talisman of congeniality.

The key to unlock a great mind is *sympathy;* and, when open, in order to participate in its treasures, it is necessary to show that *you yourself* are worth knowing. This reserve in reflective people, natural though it be, puz-

zles the shallow, who, as their vanity will not allow them to suppose that they do not possess electricity enough to fire the "divine spark," instantly set down to pride or assumption the difficulty which they cannot overcome, and too often attempt to depreciate that which they have not the necessary powers to elicit; so that, were you to form an opinion from what is seen on the surface, how generally would it be erroneous! The smooth surface of society is, in fact, but little better than the French polish spread by Finsbury upholsterers over a spurious material, in the hope of passing it off for the best, and is generally laid on in exact proportion to its inability to withstand, without shrinking, the rough usage with which, by trials and temptations, circumstance delights to test its properties. Society, though ricketty, is specious; and we had better pretend to take it for what it wishes to appear, rather than for that which it is; for, alas! "'Tis seeming all;" and we have scarcely a right to dive too deeply beneath a surface,

when we know that which is below to be so rotten that it will rarely bear the probe.

"Society," *par excellence*, should be viewed only as a titled harlot, elegant and fascinating as a Circe, but false and treacherous as a serpent; agreeable enough to pass an idle hour with, but fatal the moment we give it credit for sincerity, and seek a closer intimacy. Once give yourself up to it, and put faith in the seeming excellences by which you have been dazzled, and its varnish subsides into the mere slime of the viper; whilst, if offended, its bite is so venomous that it often requires a lifetime to heal.

In England, the "civil law" is merely a whetstone for rogues to sharpen their ingenuity on; a court of law, an arena where common sense is stifled, as too dangerous to be desirable, and poor old drivelling Justice is either hacked to pieces in the contentions between her pretended defenders, or blinded by the

litigial acid squirted in her eyes by the rogues in her train, that they may more readily pick the pockets of those who have sought her protection, but whom she is too deaf to hear, *too blind* to distinguish, and too decrepit to redress.

Whatever the tenour of a letter is really intended to be, the construction put upon it depends less on the feeling of the writer than on the character of the receiver. How differently will an ill-tempered, vindictive person construe a letter, to what one would do who is amiable and kind-hearted! Nay, the self-same person will receive the *same* letter ill or well, according to the humour in which he may be at the moment. How often, too, do we not hear the same letter pronounced "kind and considerate" by the partisans on one side, and "impertinent and insulting" by those on the other! whilst the actual expressions which, in conversation, would pass between two persons without exciting the slightest ill feeling,

will, if put on paper, often give the most deadly offence! It is because the tone of voice, expression of countenance, and other collateral extenuations, are wanting to modify the words, which, necessarily unassisted on paper, are at the mercy of the reader's predominant feeling, be it good or evil. There is no truer test of the disposition of a person, no surer exposure of character and temper, however otherwise artfully concealed, than the construction which he or she will put upon a letter; and few will err in believing that the best-natured interpretation emanates from the worthiest and most amiable reader.

Tact is the oil which lubricates society, and prevents its harsh and heterogeneous particles from grating against each other; and in proportion as a person possesses this valuable emollient, so will he go roughly or smoothly through the world. One of the difficulties most necessary for a young person to overcome

on entering life is, to avoid treading on the "*tender part which every man has in his character.*"* There are very few people, indeed, who, in the course of their lives, have not done some very foolish, immoral, or indefensible act, which has attached either ridicule or blame to their names, and before whom the most general allusion to such a foible is insufferable; and, however random the shot may have been, it will inevitably draw down upon the unlucky remarkist the hatred of the writhing victim. Men who are conscious of any failing *will* be unreasonable; for the gratification of a weakness is in itself an incessant reproach to the conscience of those who indulge in it. The drunkard despises himself, and cannot bear to have a vicious habit he would fain forget brought vividly before him, and made a matter of discussion to the company. *E. g.;* we were once, by *his* particular request, introduced to a gentleman whose gen-

* Theodore Hook's Peter Priggins.

eral character was that of good sense and talent, but of whose habits we were perfectly ignorant. For an hour or two, every thing went on delightfully; the acquaintanceship seemed to be mutually agreeable, until, unfortunately, the character of a young military profligate came under discussion, and "*we*" made a strong remark on the habits of a "lad under twenty, having been known to drink, in the course of a day, seven glasses of brandy and water!!!" Our conversation broke up rather confusedly, with a scowl of peculiar malignity from the glistening gray eye of my new "friend." On inquiring of another what could possibly have been the reason, I found that, unconsciously, I had trodden "on the tender part of *his* character." He had long been habituated to drink a bottle of brandy a day — a feat which otherwise I should never have suspected; and, when we afterwards met, he was never commonly civil. Here was a man of talent, shrewdness, and, on other subjects, of good sense, who *could not* overcome the pain arising from a

wound inflicted through ignorance of his failing. And so with the rest. The "Countess" of B—— would never forgive you for descanting, in her presence, on the rise of a courtesan, as it would "tread on the tender part of *her* character." Nor would it do, in company with ———, to remark too freely on a man for robbing his creditors, or, before ———, to touch on embezzling. Truly, vice is the *tic douloureux* of the soul, and the only way to be at ease is never to do any thing with which we can reproach ourselves, or which may bring a blush into our cheeks.

Never forgive an injury or an insult so long as the offending parties have it in their power to make reparation; since, *if they are able to do so*, and will not, whatever they may pretend to others, they, up to that time, are only laughing at you, and triumphing in secret. If, however, they have *not* the power to neutralize an impertinence by explanation,

or a fraud by restitution, forgive and forget either — *as soon as you can.*

It is the ignorance and fanaticism of the mass, more than any desire to deceive, that generally make the most intelligent men hypocrites. They are so in self-defence — driven to hypocrisy and the profession of that which they disbelieve, in order to avert the ruinous prejudices of the weakly-minded, who otherwise would combine to crush them. If, however, the hypocrite be honest, he will be satisfied with conforming to the absurdity which he cannot rectify, and swim with the narrow but violent stream that otherwise would overwhelm him; if a rogue, he will encourage the world in its folly, that he may turn it to his own individual benefit. There are few, like the Turks, wise enough to *despise and tolerate.* The crowd of weak fools, strong from their numbers, usually unite in hating with a bitter hatred whomsoever the rogue they follow may

consider likely to betray the imposition by which he flourishes.

The wheel of Fortune, like that of a ship, is full of *spokes*, and sometimes flies so sharply round as to crush those who have become puffed up with her favours, so that they burst at the first tap; whilst such as are nourished, instead of bloated, by the stream of prosperity, escape by slipping between the spokes until the pressure has passed, their moderation proving their safeguard.

Dignity of manner can only result from a lofty sense of superiority, either of mind or position. A sovereign, or any man of very elevated rank, *however imbecile he may be*, can be dignified, simply because he has been accustomed to consider all others as inferior to himself; whilst men of genius, as Shakspeare or Milton, would be dignified from a conscious-

ness of their own intellectual greatness; but, as either of these two causes can be felt only by very few, it follows that "dignity," as usually shown, is merely put on as a piece of acting, to impose on such simpletons as are unable to discriminate between that which is natural and that which is merely assumed for a particular purpose. Many a second-rate actor, when playing a kingly character,* will be dignified to one's heart's content; but, as the same dignity by no means follows him into private life, it is, of course, only a bit of solemn fun. But, in England, the land of humbug, the richest treat is to witness the assumption of "dignity" in the pulpit, as evinced in the lofty snuffle and *staccato* pronunciation, which, to the single-hearted, gaping hearers, passes for an "aristocratic manner," the "dignified tone" not having a bit of nature in it — being, in

* The most perfect assumption of dignity and ease we ever remember to have seen on the stage, was Hooper, as Charles II., in "Court Beauties," when the Olympic Theatre was under the management of Madame Vestris.

fact, a mere simulation, with which the heart or feelings have nothing to do.

Were it possible to prove, from admission, that which, from analogy, we know must be the case, there would be few more lamentable exhibitions of human pride, vanity, and deceit, than that of a time-serving churchman rehearsing for a bishop.

At the present day, the greatest drawbacks to the advancement in life of a man in England are honour, delicacy, and high principle, or, indeed, the possession of *any* quality that elevates the human character. The honest man has no chance with the majority, who get wealthy by the most impudent frauds, and who, under the flimsy sophistry of being "keen hands," glory in the character of being rogues. The first qualification for success in business is to be an unblushing liar, then to have a determination to overreach whenever it can be done with impunity; add to this insolence and

impudent assumption, whenever it can be shown, and you stand fair to be a "good man of business." These truths are thought so little of, as, in many cases, to be candidly admitted. "We are all a set of d——d rogues in business," said a partner in a wealthy firm; "people cheat *us*, and we are obliged to cheat others in return." England is no longer the country for an honest man.

Never suffer yourself to be lured into a friendship with families of equivocal character or of doubtful position, for, sooner or later, it will lead to disagreeables, if not to downright mischief; because, as the principles are unstable on which the connection is based, it is like treading on rotten ice; you are never sure when it may break and let you in. The constant struggles which persons equivocally situated are compelled to maintain, in order to appear what every body knows they are not, produce a sensitiveness as to what society

thinks of them, a restless anxiety to know how far they have succeeded, that cannot fail to make their acquaintances feel embarrassed. False pride alone has produced a false position, so delicate to sustain, that they dread every step they take, lest accident should trip them up and lead to exposure. In proportion to the value at which you are estimated by the world, so will be the pains taken by such persons to attach you to them; but it is impossible not to feel that, however kind they may *appear* to be, — however amiable or affectionate they may for a time *seem*, — it is to answer some purpose beyond that of legitimate friendship; your known respectability being made a bait, yourself the "cat's paw," to entice some one else, with the more than probability that, when the purpose which you are intended to serve has been effected, the "cloven foot" so long hidden will peep out; and as, perhaps, by that time, you know too much of the machinery used, and have therefore become too dangerous to be safe, it will

be expedient to get rid of you; and, as people in a false position have, as a matter of course, more pride and vanity than feeling, they will be unscrupulous as to the way in which your *congé* is effected.

A life of deceit is one of unmitigated torture — a living hell, which should deserve our pity for the unhappy beings who submit to it. It is surprising to what shifts and excuses those who lead so slippery a course are driven, in the vain hope to hoodwink the shrewd, with the painful necessity of laughing off exposures too glaring to be concealed, — yet, when all is done, but to place themselves in the position of the stag which, thrusting its head into a thicket, believed itself to be unseen. In fact, there is very little hidden from society; and, as people of the world are generally willing to overlook much, the greater part of this manœuvring, with its attendant misery, might be spared. In most cases, false position exudes a varnish, which, far from concealing, only

makes more apparent, the realities it is intended to hide.

It may be some consolation to the modest to know that arrogant people, in the blindness of their insolence, sometimes tread on a scorpion instead of a worm, and receive a sting where they only anticipated the pleasure of witnessing a writhe, and that the puncture, by letting off the foul gas with which such swaggerers are inflated, shrinks them into nothingness. It is but retribution that such as wantonly seek to wound those who, they believe, are unable to defend themselves should, occasionally suffer from their want of discrimination.

Perhaps the most difficult thing in the world is to convince a lover of the unworthiness of his mistress. Love is so strange a fascination, that it creates chimerical perfections, exaggerates virtues, and conceals defects, how-

ever glaring they may be to the rest of the world; and it may do all this, too, without the slightest taint of sensuality. Love renders the proud humble, and tames the fierce; it is at once the most and the least selfish of all passions; for, whilst it would engross the being on whom it is lavished, it will make any sacrifice, or undergo any privation, to insure the comfort of her it would possess. Love is a moral drunkenness; and, whilst it lasts, the shrew seems gentle, the tigress a dove, the flirt constant, and the fiend an angel; but, when a reaction *does come*, what a frightful waking! to find that the hard, chill couch of reality has been softened only by the feathers of the heated fancy! that the Venus has shrunk into a ghastly skeleton! and to feel that in proportion to the spuriousness of the drugged philtre will be the violence of the *delirium tremens*, by which the mind of the morbid lover will be shaken! *Affection* adds a daily bloom, until the homeliest face becomes angelic; whilst love but too often witnesses the

idol it has varnished drop piecemeal, from the sheer worthlessness of its material, until the hideous reality, exposed, scares away desire, and chases the victim it has deluded, into a premature grave.

Never enter into an argument with a lawyer, for, of necessity, it is time lost; not that lawyers are fools, — far from it, — but that their intellects are concentrated in the endeavour to make sophistries pass for truths. In fact, they turn their wisdom to a bad account. It is their pride, as well as good practice, for them to take the wrong side of any argument, and puzzle if they cannot convince. Above all, it is the interest of a lawyer to support false theories; as, by insinuating fallacious doctrines, society falls an easier prey. Were common sense encouraged, the eyes of men would be too readily opened to the numerous impositions practised on them, the law would cease to be a thriving trade, and even legisla-

tors would find kingdoms infinitely more difficult to govern. Sophistry, superstition, and assumption, are the three packsaddles which enable legislators, priests, and lawyers, to ride those human asses which constitute the mass of mankind; whilst custom, carefully upheld, and perverted reason, inculcated from infancy, are the thongs which bind the mean and miserable herd together.

A sensible woman is like a stinging nettle; approach her lightly, or play with her, and the chances are that you suffer; advance boldly, *grasp her mind*, and her power to injure will be neutralized by the firm hold you will obtain upon her affections. Take care, however, that she *has* a "mind."

One act of aggression, by being, as a matter of course, resented, leads to another; one fraud provokes retaliation by another. Since it

is not in the nature of man to suffer injustice with impunity, it is unreasonable to expect that he should do so. Unprincipled actions produce unprincipled actions in return; and so men of high principles become vitiated, because *no man can afford to continue upright in his dealings*, if he suffer loss in every transaction that he may have with another, losing, not through any want of judgment of his own, but solely through the fraudulent conduct of those with whom he transacts business. Unfortunately, in trade, a fearful anodyne has crept in, with which cheats excuse their dishonesty to their own consciences; it is, that "All mankind prey upon each other." On inquiring the character of the last man whom we heard plead this in extenuation, we found him to be stigmatized by his neighbours as "*an unfair tradesman;*" and, of course, every one was cautious how they had dealings with him — a natural consequence, highly retributive. Thus it is, that he who *originates* an act of villany, the evil consequences of which can never be

foreseen, is trebly deserving of punishment to him who, in self-defence, repels it, though by equally unfair means. HE IS A TERRIBLE VILLAIN WHO, BY HIS FRAUDS, PROVOKES AN HONEST MAN TO RETALIATE BY WHATEVER MEANS MAY BE IN HIS POWER; BUT GRATUITOUS ROGUERY LEGALIZES A RETURN IN KIND.

There is little doubt but that, were people candidly to explain all the motives or feelings by which they were prompted to pursue a line of conduct that seems inexplicable to the world, there would be much more to pity than to condemn; besides that the opinions of society are generally formed on a very imperfect or one-sided knowledge of facts. Few, indeed, are wicked merely for the *sake* of being wicked; and, even of the worst characters, more go wrong from want of judgment, or a misinterpretation of the intentions of others, than from a desire to be vicious. Many a bad man, also, has a kind heart, inasmuch as an indul-

gence in those failings which make him a very indifferent member of society, often proceeds rather from a lack of the requisite strength of mind to resist temptation than from an evil disposition. This is the reason why we hear an atrocious scoundrel (judging by his acts) often praised as a kind-hearted fellow. George IV., the duke of York, Sheridan, *et id genus omne*, were cases in point.

There are few things more indicative of a coarseness or refinement of character than the manner in which a person sleeps; for, droll as it may seem, it is quite possible to "sleep like a gentleman" or like a pig. As an old traveller, it has occasionally been our lot to sleep in the same room with strangers, and often enough in contiguous apartments, when, perhaps, the death-like stillness, —

"A conscious breathing e'en in sleep,"—

bore evidences of a more delicate organization

than belonged to the grosser herd, or else, on the other hand, the snort, the rattle, and the snore of repletion, have as clearly betrayed the swinish character of the animal from whose unclean throat such sounds emanated.

In some parts of the East, a snoring, uneasy bedfellow, of either sex, properly enough forms sufficient grounds for a divorce. Indeed, we cannot fancy a more serious interruption to the rest, nay, even to the health, of a light sleeper than the harassing trumpetings of a plethoric night companion. How many *women* will be struck with the truth of this!

Never admit the superiority of either man or woman, unless it spring from a higher degree of morality, virtue, or talent, than you yourself can boast. A drunkard, a debauchee, a seducer, or a swindler, even though he be a duke or a prince, is YOUR INFERIOR; and in proportion as you are possessed of high principle and virtue will you be HIS SUPERIOR in

all that raises one human being above another. *You* are the high man, *he* the low one — debased exactly in proportion to the loftiness of his title or elevated position in society. In England, as in most parts of the world, there are men with titles, who, were they ten times higher in rank than they are, would still be disgraces to humanity.

Money is an excellent thing for those fortunate enough to have the command of it, since it increases their own individual comforts; but it does not give its owners any possible right to hold themselves superior to yourself, unless, indeed, they intend to make you their heir, in which case, gratitude would probably purchase an acquiescence in claims which a sense of right would reject. "He is a very wealthy man," said a gentleman in extenuation of the ill-breeding of a mean-souled person. "What is his wealth to me? *I* shall not benefit by it. If, indeed, he means to leave his fortune to me, I shall be his very humble servant," was the very natural rejoinder; and

such should *your* feeling be towards all merely wealthy people; if it be different, *you yourself* are a contemptible person, and deserve to be kicked.

As we have but a very one-sided view of the motives which govern the actions of a man, unless the clue be given by himself, we should be very cautious how we condemn, as ill-natured or ill-bred, conduct which, on the first impression, might seem to have been both; for in no country is the system of "wheels within wheels" in such full operation as in England, where three fourths of society are struggling to produce a false impression on those around them, and where, almost of course, kindness and amenity are sacrificed in the effort to appear "great." In this way, really good-hearted and excellent people, solely from not having importance enough to give way to their natural feelings, often place themselves in an unamiable light.

In proportion as the fabric of a man's "consequence" is ricketty, so must it be patched up with bits of pride, dashes of *hauteur*, and a *chevaux de frise* of exclusiveness, that it may "loom large" in the fog of reserve, and keep off the prying from examining too curiously the flimsiness of its foundation. It is this which, in England, makes the manufacturer, the merchant, or the priggish parish priest, more unbearable than the scions of "aristocracy," and the clumsy gorgeousness of a Liverpool merchant more overwhelming than the splendours of a ducal table; whilst the lofty deportment which seems natural to a prince, only draws attention, in a merchant, to the figs and cotton from whence the inflating vapours rise, and which otherwise might, for a short time, be overlooked.

The grand lever of the world is POLICY, particularly in England, where POLICY, *not truth*, governs every thing. In religion, politics, and

law, it is not what a man believes, but what he chooses to force down the throats of others. The *truth* would interfere with the advantages which the aristocratic body share amongst themselves, at the expense of the kingdom at large. It is to serve *political* ends that all honesty of purpose is sacrificed. It is by no means so much an object to perpetuate that which is good as to dress up all that is bad and vicious, in order to make it pass off in the eyes of the world as correct — to make unprincipled strumpets appear to posterity as having been paragons of virtue, swindlers all that is honourable, idiots as wise men, adulterers and seducers as all that is amiable and admirable. It is to POLICIES like these that we have thrust upon us such lives as that of George IV., by Croly, in which one of the most heartless debauchees that ever disgraced a throne is represented as having been an exemplary monarch, nay, positively even as a religious man!! the beastly drunkard, the blackleg, the shameless adulterer, made a saint, and that, too, by a clergyman! *Truly*

we are corrupt, when the pen of the ecclesiastic is prostituted to such a task. A royal *petit maître* — an adept only in that politeness which too often is but the varnish of depravity, and who, because he could bow elegantly and make "gracious speeches" to his vicious associates, but who never, in his whole career, rendered to his country even one act worthy of finding a place in history, — is to be held up to our children as an epitome of excellence. Such attempts at deluding society, far from being proofs of amiability, become historical atrocities, which cannot be too strongly reprobated. It is to such disgraceful POLICIES that we also owe the lying and fulsome life of "Mrs. Coutts," the mistress of the old dotard banker. These reflections were suggested by reading in the "Court Journal" an impudent attempt to make a fashionable adventurer, living on his wits, all that was honourable and noble. It is to similar POLICIES that we owe the slim and graceful pictures of a fat, unwieldy literary countess, who, at waddling fifty, and as coarse as an old

cow, would fain gull posterity as having been the loveliest creature of her day — the personification of all that was sylph-like and elegant, and, in the spirit of the impositions of the age, will doubtless pay some "Mrs. Barry Cornwall Wilson" to have herself described as virtuous withal. If we know such miserable lies to be perpetuated in our own day, and whilst the reeking truth flings up its noisome odours under our very noses, who shall place the slightest reliance on history, past, present, or to come? for may not *all* that we read have been equally guided by MERE POLICY? Even Virtue herself will lose the small reward of public appreciation, if *Vice* be impudently dressed up in the filched vestments of her pure mistress, and then be thrust into our faces to receive the award due only to the chaste. There may be no limits to the vanity or impudence even of the most depraved; but it is sad to think that intellect can so far degrade itself as, for hire, or else from a fulsome, crawling adulation, to sit deliberately down to pervert the truth, and, in hopes to de-

ceive, weave a tissue of false flowers from the rotten dunghill of notorious facts. It will be a curious speculation, which time alone can unravel, to ascertain whether Harriet Wilson and Lady Blessington are to be put forth as the standards of virtue and morality, to which the rising female generation are to look up.

The Almighty works his will through *apparently* natural causes, and not by any special violation of the laws of creation. Some of the mightiest events which have occurred, the greatest changes wrought, and benefits conferred on the world, have *seemingly* originated from *private* ends to be attained, or *private* feelings which have been outraged. Many latent powers have been developed, and high characters roused, by a single act of superciliousness; and many a feeble ass has lived to repent unloosing fearful machinery, which, once in action, he has not had the capacity to stop. The right of one man to assume a superiority over another hangs

on so frail a tenure, — that of mere endurance, — that such as wield authority should pause before they sharpen, by insult, the intellectual axe which may cut them down. Nevertheless, those who blindly exasperate, and those who are prompted to repel, are alike the mere instruments with which the Ruler of the universe works his changes, and gives the necessary stimulus to keep the great human family advancing, and to save mankind from retrograding.

The great characteristic of the mass of mankind is an understanding positively limited to the every-day affairs of life — a capacity for judging only of that which is thrust under their very noses. Men who are sharp and shrewd enough on mere matters of business become erratic the moment they attempt to take a loftier flight, and are utterly incapable of conceiving views sufficiently expanded to insure the advancement of the multitude, or contribute to the happiness of society in general.

In nothing is this more apparent than in matters of religion and politics, where (in the first case particularly) the man intensely keen on mundane affairs becomes credulous and silly the moment he touches on spiritual subjects, there being often, indeed, no end to his absurdities.

Those who are usually termed "weak people" are, in reality, compounds of sense and silliness — shrewd enough one moment, asses the next. Of downright unredeemable idiots there are but very few; whilst it must be recollected that much of what we pronounce to be folly may depend more on its differing from our individual views of the affair than for any real unsoundness of its own.

As the world is constituted, MODESTY is a great mistake; for, if you lay yourself down, all the pretenders, adventurers, and impudent quacks, of society (by far the greater part) will trample on you, and mount to distinction over the bridge formed by your humility. "Make

the designs," said a mean-souled scoundrel (who had the ear of the East India Company) to Sibson, the clever sculptor;* "make the designs, *but they must pass off as mine*, as the Company know nothing of *you*." This despicable proposition to take the credit due to another was, however, very properly resisted by the modest artist.

Never mystify science, but, if possible, always elucidate it. Knowledge is too important to be made the subject of a silly joke. Waterton, from his pertinacity in adhering to the story of the "nondescript," now generally understood to be merely a quiz upon naturalists, has thrown doubts over much of what is probably valuable information, and so far, therefore,

* A very clever, meek artist, who, in a bust, will produce as fine a likeness as the best, but who, as with most persons who have their way to make in the world, has had to encounter the opposition of those of less talent, but of more impudent pretension.

has retarded, instead of advancing, science. It is for a similar reason that French, Italian, or books of travel in general, when written by foreigners, are so lightly esteemed. No one can rely on the truth of what he reads. The silly vanity, the inflated, theatrical, mock sentiment, of a Frenchman, with his known carelessness in obtaining information, and his indifference as to whether he tells a lie or not, so long as his own personal importance is upheld, attaches suspicion to every thing he writes.* *Réné Caillié's* "Journey to Timbuctoo" is a modern instance of what imposition a Frenchman is capable. "We" have found more informa-

* Any one who has read the "Narrative of Captain Freycinet's Voyage round the World, in 1817 to '20, by Mons. J. Arago, Draftsman to the Expedition," will have had a fair average of the style in which foreign voyages are written, and will *feel* that he cannot rely on a dozen consecutive sentences. The mock sentiment, furious bombast, *real timidity*, and general unfitness for his task, is lamentably evident, the views and illustrations even of this redoubted "draftsman" being obviously either wretched inventions or vile outlines filled (or rather *blacked* up) from memory. Kotzebue,

tion, more common sense and observation, with less prejudice, in the travels written by Americans than even in those by the English; whilst, as far as our own knowledge of places went, (and that is not little,) they seemed to be *truth itself.*

Be very suspicious of the sincerity of those who speak too well of the world, and will not admit that there is *any* roguery in it; for such persons are themselves generally rogues and deceivers, either interested in throwing you off your guard, or who, by a great display of *seem-*

of the Russian navy, in his Voyage to the Pacific, has been *proved* to have invented incidents having no sort of foundation on truth!!! Lamartine's "Holy Land and the East" is justly laughed at by the residents of Cairo as "a very pretty poem, *but as nothing more;*" and no one can have travelled in those countries without feeling that it is virtually a lie from beginning to end, producing the most false and misleading impressions of the Levant. To this may be added Beltrami's impudent and monstrous inventions about the beaver, in vol. ii. pp. 426, 427, of his "Pilgrimage," after reading

ing amiability, are anxious to avert scrutiny from their own misconduct, and so hope to ward it off by affecting to have a generally good opinion of mankind. The greatest hypocrites that we have ever known in our intercourse with society never would allow there were such characters as hypocrites in it. On the same principle, with women in private life, those of the most equivocal pretensions to virtue have invariably been the first to protest with vehemence the innocency of the most profligate of their own sex.

No one of common penetration can have had much intercourse with the world, or many

which a person must be a credulous ass indeed to rely on the truth of a single page. Contrast this *average* with the wholesome, manly descriptions of Owen, King, or Forster, or *almost any* British navigator, (aided by the clever views of *unprofessional* draftsmen, generally officers of the ship,) or "Sketches of Turkey, by an American," published at New York in 1833, being, as far as it goes, the very best account that we have read of scenes familiar to us. Lastly, we have Catlin's honest, unsophisticated, and capital book on the North American Indians.

dealings with it, without being convinced that dishonesty, hypocrisy, and deceit, form by far the largest portion of its ingredients. Such is *our* experience of an extensive average of good and bad, and a careful observation of the manner in which others have been treated.

Affectation of manner is an attempt made by the commonalty to imitate a refinement which results from causes far beyond their reach. Elegance is the glossy surface which emanates from an intellect cultivated by education, accomplishment, and high-toned society, (of which, however, *principle* is the sterling gold.) Affectation is the coppery *indoration* that can only shine amongst such baser metals as have not in themselves any pretension to brilliancy, and which tarnishes when exposed to the test of legitimate style. Uneducated people generally endeavour, by a mincing pronunciation of their words, and a selection of superlatively fine phrases, to supply those deli-

cate inflections which originate in a critical acquaintance with our language. It gives one a shudder to hear a handsome, well-dressed woman remark, "*I were going down Bond Street to-dee, when I see a dridful accident;*" or, "*I decleer it's excissive warm to-dee. If I was a leedy* ———". The imperfect education is a matter of regret, but the affected manner elicits a less indulgent feeling. Amongst such persons, the simplicity and ease of really well-bred people are declared to be "common," or else (since, from ignorance, they are incapable of distinguishing between manner and matter) the pure intonation and chaste diction arising from a correct knowledge are positively pronounced by them to be "affectation." In such society, few things are more awkward than the restraint one suffers from the fear of not acting up to *their* notions of refinement, and the chance of being considered vulgar, simply because we happen to be natural. In truth, the manners which are perfectly *au courant* in society where *position* is a sufficient

guaranty from any charge of vulgarity, would probably cause a stare in the oddly-assorted *menage* of a "great" tallow-chandler or "grocer in a large way," whose ricketty dignity could ill afford to own that he knew what "gin" was, as the wife of a London banker positively declared that "she did not know where-abouts the 'city' lay."

So far from such affected refinement being the characteristic of circles high enough to render stilts unnecessary, a species of slang even finds its way into aristocratic society, and, however indefensible its introduction may be, is often used colloquially from sheer fun and high spirits, yet which would make the more cautious *élégans* of Bucklersbury shudder to hear, and inevitably to condemn as "werry low." No position is so embarrassing as that of finding oneself in the company of *overbred* people. A Frenchman once maliciously asserted that, in England, the orthodox salutation of one gentleman to another was, "D——n it, Jack, how are you?" It may be so; and perhaps (below

the sovereign) there is no rank too high to be beyond the reach of such a freedom. But even slang has its degrees; and the schoolboy familiarity which a college chum, a comrade, or a shipmate, might permit to his chosen companion, would still put itself into a gentlemanly form, and decidedly differ in phraseology from the "patter" of a costermonger. For example, the salutation adduced by the Frenchman, if put into other words, as, "Sam, how are you, old codger?" never *could* have emanated from higher-caste animals than the "bulls and bears" of the stock exchange, or the hooked-nosed denizens of "de Minoriesh;" a gentleman *might* have used the first, but never could have uttered the second. There is a wide distinction to be made between the use of equivocal but conventional terms, as interwoven with our ordinary conversation, and the occasional employment, by gentlemen, of some ephemeral phrase going the round of the town, and selected in fun for its raciness or outrageous absurdity, and such as no one could affect not to

have heard. We are not advocating the adoption of a deteriorative practice, but merely showing that such quaint terms can, in certain circumstances, be used without, in any material degree, impugning the real elegance of the parties, or invalidating their claims to high breeding. Witness George IV., Byron, Bulwer, etc., all perfect masters of such colloquialisms. Perhaps the greatest privilege of rank is, that it enables its possessors to be easy, without any necessity for their being affected from a dread of not being considered sufficiently refined.*

No speech can be "*severe*" that is not true; for, if it be not true, it cannot apply;

* Cant expressions are often purely classical, and originate in the exuberant fun of the wilder spirits of *alma mater*. *E. g.*; "Nouse," from *νους*, sense; "Sukey," from *ψυχή*, the soul; "toggery," from *toga*, a robe; "a licking," (*anglicè*, a beating,) from "*lictor*," the Roman functionary, whose province it was, with his bundle of *fasces*, to thump the obstreperous *profanum vulgus*, and so to clear the way before the dignitaries of the state; "spoony," from "wooden spoon,"

consequently its severity is neutralized by its injustice; but, then, the keener the truth, the more unpalatable will it be. The more skilful a person is at analyzing motives and actions, the less likely is his penetration to be agreeable, and he will be called "*severe.*" Most people who do wrong, hug themselves on doing it so cleverly that no one can find it out. The fraudulent tradesman, who, flattering himself that his rogueries are undetected, and that he passes for an honest man, calls those "severe" who have the shrewdness to discover and the daring to hint at it. The gorgeous courtesan denounces those as "*so very severe*" who will not allow themselves to be blinded by the veil of fascinations in which she endeavours to mystify them. The "gentle lady," modestly

the term irreverently applied to that unfortunate who takes the lowest degree at a university examination. Other slang is brought by sailors or travellers from various parts of the world; as, "Shindy," a row, from "Scindia," the Indian general, because, whenever he was known to be near, a hard fight would inevitably take place; *cum multis aliis.*

unchaste, who "sins upon the sly," hopes to neutralize an unpalatable truth by murmuring that you are always "*so severe*," whilst the detected pickpocket, when called a thief, pronounces it to be "d——d ungentlemanly to make such severe remarks." It is to avoid the severity of truth, that men who are rogues, as well as unprincipled women, like to surround themselves with soft, addle-headed acquaintances, incapable of dissecting the plausibilities they offer, or else with people needy enough to make them wilfully overlook the worst, and secure their acquiescence as a matter of course. You will rarely do wrong by interpreting "very severe" into "quite correct."

There is nothing in the world so easy as giving an opinion; consequently, in general, there are few things so utterly valueless. The man who pronounces a judgment on the productions or scientific acquirements of another, ought not only to be as well, but *better*, *in-*

formed, in every *minutia*, than he on whose labours such judgment is given. Yet, tried by such a test, how flippant, contemptible, and impertinent, must be the greater part of the opinions we hear! How few, like the professional man, have studied the subject in all its bearings! Still fewer are practically acquainted with the difficulties to be overcome; and yet, if they be not, *how can they dare*, in the fulness of their ignorance, to pronounce a decision which may ruin the hard-earned reputation of another? What consummate presumption! How often will a conceited fool, totally ignorant of painting, but merely on the strength of having *seen* the Continental collections, set up for a judge, and presume to dispute with, and to correct, the practised artist, absorbed, every day of his life, in studying the principles of his art, his taste chastened, and his eye refined, by practice, to a sensitiveness far beyond the conception of the fishy-eyed critic, who displays his ignorance in every sentence that

he utters!* In a parallel case, we have positively known a woman, on a nautical emergency, abuse an experienced seaman for not following *her* opinion of what ought to be done, and threaten to "take the law of him" for not allowing the long-boat to be hoisted over the ship's side, to take her ashore in a gale of wind!! and, laughable as this may seem, thousands of *men* daily make demands and deliver opinions comparatively as absurd. But of all things to be dreaded are the judgments of dabblers in any art; for greater than the confidence of knowledge is the temerity of a superficial acquirement.

The most glaring folly committed by those who virtually live by plunder is *want of discrimination.* The rogue does not duly discrimi-

* The best retort illustrative of the difficulties of art was that drawn from Fuseli, who, after listening to an unjust criticism, exclaimed, "*By G—d, it takes a tamn'd clever fellow to paint a tamn'd pad picture!*"

nate between those whom he *can* cheat and those who "won't stand it," but attempts to impose on all alike. Governments do not discriminate between those who will meekly bear insult and those whom it would be wiser to conciliate than to offend. Priests do not duly discriminate between those who put implicit faith in all they preach and those who merely conform on the ticklish ground of policy. Nor does the bully discriminate between those whom he may with impunity bully and such as will turn round and upset him — or *her*, for there are *female* bullies, more embarrassing to deal with, inasmuch as one cannot kick *them*, and they take every advantage of the delicacy which a man naturally feels towards "*the* sex." Indeed, the greatest trial to which the strength of mind of a man is exposed, is the resistance of such incessant, every-day impositions as many artful sirens endeavour to saddle on him. The battles of a Wellington might have been won by meaner men, having on their side similar luck, brute force, and dogged perseverance;

but he who can resist the tactics of a pretty woman, bent on cheating him, can lay claim to higher qualities and greater determination than a successful warrior; for, on the most unequal terms, he has repelled an attack on weak points, through which the wisest and the bravest have often been victimized. Let any one who doubts this try the experiment, by an experience of two months in a watering-place, with its swindling landladies, its Jew picture-dealers, and the numberless impudent frauds, backed by effrontery, of which he will become the anticipated victim. This class of people, by dint of bold assertions, barefaced lies, and *volubility in talking down the timid*, succeed with every eight out of ten, and then believe all the world but themselves to be fools. This is the mistake they make, for occasionally they "catch a Tartar," and, from want of *discrimination*, get into an "almighty awk'ard fix." Taken all in all, the English are a stupid race, — stupid in their pretensions, still more stupid in their want of tact: the Continental rogue is sharper, for *he*

discriminates; he is honesty itself when dealing with the shrewd, who might expose him, and give him too much trouble to be profitable; and he only cheats those whose obvious stupidity is unlikely to detect him, or whose absurd desire to appear grander than they really are leads them to tolerate impositions which, in secret, make them wince.

There are few more contemptible positions than that of a mean-souled person, evincing all the desire to be a cheat, without sufficient dexterity to succeed.

Never bully a man when you know yourself to be in the wrong, for the chances are very much against his submitting to it; nay, if he does do so, he must be a miserable dog indeed. By bullying, you try to make *him* appear in the wrong; and, if he be a man of any spirit, that will only provoke him to take extreme measures, first, in order to remove from himself the unjust stigma, by proving the right

to be on *his* side, and that it is *you* who are in fault; secondly, to punish you for the annoyance and inconvenience to which your impudent attempt has subjected him.

In all countries out of the United States, GOVERNMENT is the art of plundering a people under the plea of protecting them, and living at ease on the fruits of their credulity, the *miracle* being that they should quietly submit to the impudent exactions on which the rulers live.

On the Shallowness of Lying.

It is astonishing that we occasionally meet with people in whom lying seems to be so inherent a vice that they scarcely ever speak the simple truth, and who, as a matter of course, obtain the name of being "notorious liars," yet are shallow enough to affirm that they "pride themselves on their character for veracity." This would seem so absurd as to appear incredible,

were it not known to be true, and capable of a ready explanation.

A liar is, of necessity, a compound of vanity, false pride, conceit, and every other mean feeling; in men, often joined to a strong wish to be rogues, yet rarely possessing the capacity to carry any villany through without detection, and its penalty — exposure.

First, for the wretched conceit of a liar, in supposing himself clever enough to invent stories so ingenious that they shall, for any time, impose on people for the truth, and the still grosser folly in imagining, as he must do, that the world will, without investigation and analysis, take for granted any thing he chooses to assert, — that world more shrewd, more cunning, and as prying as himself, — what a conceited ass must the liar be! How superior over others in cunning must he not believe himself! What fools must he not suppose the rest of mankind! How ignorant of the world does he not prove himself! Liars should reflect on this.

Secondly, a despicable pride, by which an

ounce of truth, adulterated with a hundred weight of falsehood, is kneaded into an unsubstantial fabric, the flimsiness of which cannot readily be detected, excepting by those very near the source, and to such it is never exhibited. Yet, somehow or other, people at a distance are seldom long before they discover the truth. "I am lady of the manor at C———," said one of these alloyers of the truth to a circle nearly two hundred miles off. "Do you know that she is lady of the manor at C———?" was echoed from mouth to mouth; and, for a month or two, the lady revelled in all the importance usually attached to such a position, with its visions of woods and lawns, its mansion, and its manorial rights. Mark the fact; it consisted in the possession of one small grass-field, having, in a corner, the foundation of what had once been a tower, but of which only a few stones remained, giving neither rights nor privileges to its purchaser, beyond a name which any one of proper pride would have been ashamed to claim. When the fact was

known, what a fall was there! In the same way did this person carry falsehood through every action of her unhappy life, — a life *made unhappy* by the doubts of being believed, the fears, the continual exposures to which a career of deceit is liable, feeling herself to be an object of mistrust to most, and, though branded with the epithet of a "great liar," yet positively averring herself to be "well known for her adherence to the truth." It is not wonderful that, at last, she sunk under the struggle.

Next comes the black-hearted liar; *and there are such.* The dark-browed scoundrel, who, conscious of deceiving you, is continually assuring you how much he is your friend, how warmly he espouses your interests, when, at the very moment he tells you so, you know that he is leagued with others to wrong you; never temporize, never come to explanations, with such men; it is time thrown away. You have no chance with them, for they are bad-hearted, and will readily meet you with a falsehood at every turn; but, when you *have detected*, cut

them at once; it is worth some sacrifice to get beyond the influence of such reptiles. How often, in listening to a notorious liar, and studying his face, have we not pitied his shallowness, on detecting the twinkle of satisfaction in his eye at fancying his falsehood believed! Liars, in their conceit, are apt to take for granted that they are not doubted, simply because their listeners are too polite to express their thoughts. Did a liar but reason correctly, how uncomfortably he would feel at the dead silence in which his statements have been received! What a lesson should this consideration be to those beginning a course of falsehood!

Did their conceit not blind them, neither men nor women, who habitually invent lies or garble the truth, could hope to be long undetected; for people meet who know them, talk over these statements, and soon ferret out the naked truth; and a few exposures will render its perverters objects of suspicion for the remainder of their lives, if it do not obtain for them the unenviable distinction of "that liar

B———," or the qualifying remark, at the repetition of any assertion they may have made, "*But then, F——— is such a liar!*" How a person, conscious of deserving so deteriorative a remark, ought to shrink, when he reflects how inevitably it will be uttered! One of the definitions of a liar should be, "a person of small cunning;" for men of greater sagacity know lying to be *bad policy*, even were principle left out of the question. A detected liar, were he not too much debased to feel the extent of his degradation, ought to slink off, and hang himself.

Nevertheless, there is one class of liars deserving of much pity — those who, from thoughtlessness or want of firmness, more than from vice, have committed some folly which they dare not own, and where, from the known harshness of the world, confession would be ruin. Such there are, misled rather than misleading, — unfortunates, whom one simple sin may have carried into a vortex of deceit from which they have not strength of mind to ex-

tricate themselves. To such, compassion is a duty, severity a crime; such must, without judging harshly, be, in all humility, left to repentance and the mercy of God.

An adherence to truth, open and without reservation, has, from the age of chivalry downwards, been considered as one of the loftiest attributes of a "gentleman"; so much so, that, to brand as "a liar" the pretender to such a title, is one of the most deadly insults that you can offer him. Yet, if such be a test, how few there can be! How many mean liars there are, *knowing themselves to be such*, and as such known to the world, who would be frenzied at being told they could not be "gentlemen," lacking, as they do, even the primary qualification — TRUTH! Look, in this mercantile country, at men in trade, rich, and affecting a character for "respectability" which they trust nothing can shake, — men who go to church to make believe that they are honest; yet, investigate the rogueries they practise, analyze the lies to which they unblushingly swear, in

hopes to cover the frauds of which they have been guilty, — yet, tell the members of a wealthy firm that has cheated you, that neither separately nor collectively are they "gentlemen," but swindlers and liars instead, — and see how they will bluster, and affect to call you to account, and tell you that, "if you cannot afford to prove it *legally*, the moral proof, however incontrovertible, goes for nothing." Yet these base liars hold up their heads, and hope to pass upon the world as "gentlemen"! True that, in the long run, the isolated instances of fraud which gather from various quarters, and swell into an alarming mass of facts, seldom fail to lessen their impudent assumption of "respectability." There are some who, in small matters, scrupulously adhere to the truth, in order that, by so doing, they may acquire a character for veracity, and thus, by throwing society off its guard, predispose it to receive as fact any falsehood which it may be deemed worth while to advance. This is the climax of artfulness, and can only

be detected by those who have a knowledge of all the circumstances; it is like a fraudulent tradesman triumphantly appealing to the correctness of his figures, when it is the charges of each item which amount to a disgraceful robbery.

In truth, a liar can go undetected but a very short time; since it rarely occurs that, in mentioning to one or other of your friends the name of your new acquaintance, you do not hear, as the summary of his character, "There is one thing of which I must warn you; *he is a great liar.*" We have repeatedly heard it said of those deceivers whom it has been our misfortune to know and to prove, and we cannot imagine others to be less lucky. Society is keen and sharp, and the great error is in supposing that people in general are devoid of penetration; for but a trifling knowledge of life is necessary to impress on us the necessity of taking for granted as little as we can, and of searching before we confide. Experience

compels the most generously-minded man to doubt until he has proven.

It is a curious study to mark the habitual liar peering into one's face, and scanning every varied expression, in hopes to detect the impression that his story has made; and then, conscious of his own falseness and proneness to deceive, how he looks as if he would penetrate your inmost soul in the endeavour to discover how far *your* assertions may be relied on! Poor liar! he does not know the comfort of confiding, nor how much anxiety is spared to those who speak the truth. What a glorious satisfaction it is to feel that what we assert may be doubted, but cannot be controverted, for IT IS THE TRUTH! In short, a liar, however much, for a time, he may flatter himself he is deceiving others, usually ends by finding that he has only deceived himself.

In England, great has been the outcry raised by priests of various denominations

about "LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE" and the "RIGHT OF PEOPLE TO WORSHIP GOD IN THEIR OWN WAY." All this *sounds* very well; but such a plea is one of the most artful humbugs of the age, *got up* and put into the mouths of the silly by their respective clerical leaders, in order to retain undiminished their own influence; inasmuch as the bulk of the people have *not* "liberty of conscience" allowed them, but act, think, and believe, solely whatever the priests choose to instil into them; they do *not* "worship God in their own way," but are driven into the way that best suits the interest of their teachers. Here and there, indeed, one may be found who dares to think for himself, which, however, he does at the certainty of drawing down upon him the resentment of the disappointed priest, who dreads the example as dangerous to his authority, as the liberty of the one bird threatens the subordination of the flock which the wily fowler has been practising every artifice to entrap. This being the case, it becomes the

bounden duty of legislators to control the priesthood, and to regulate that belief which the ecclesiastical body are permitted to teach the people. In all wise governments, it is the priests, of whatever sect, that must be carefully watched, to restrain them from abusing the power delegated to them for political ends by those more powerful than themselves, but which, by unceasing efforts, they are ever endeavouring to usurp. The weapons of the priest, and which he too often turns against those by whose sufferance alone he flourishes, are the prejudices with which he fills the shallow, and the outcry which he raises through the throats of the weak, whilst "LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE" is the shot by which he hopes to prostrate such as are too keen-sighted not to be dangerous to his unbridled sway.

Whenever, from mere policy, a false theory is held up to the world as a solemn truth, not to be disputed, society becomes filled with

hypocrites, winking at each other, and exchanging signals at the fun of seeing the rest so much imposed on, until, by degrees, the heresy spreads, and, ultimately, *all* become equally knowing, when, on the secret being exposed, men get angry at the impudent fraud, and combine to demand a more equitable system. Such is the present state of England with regard to politics and religion, where, under the pretext of governing, the hard earnings of the people are wrested from them in the shape of a crushing load of taxation, in order to divide amongst the idle, pampered, and insolent few, — the cries of the oppressed being stifled at the point of the bayonet, or by the stunning bludgeon of the policeman. The principle of the system is beautifully illustrated in the rising colony of New Zealand, where a captain of the navy, as "*sovereign*," an official or two, as "*peers*," and *thirty soldiers*,* are about to tax, to the amount of

* Drunken, disorderly vagabonds, in themselves an opprobrium to well-conducted society. *Vide* "Petre."

£20,000 a year, the poor emigrants who have fled from starvation in their native country! —a pretty robbery in itself, to say nothing of the subordinates being keen land-speculators, obtaining, from favoritism, the most eligible grants, the choicest water-frontages, in fact, monopolizing the best land, to sell again at a high price, to the manifest injury of the body of emigrants; so that, at the very beginning, equity is upset, and, instead of commencing the government of a new country on improved, or even on commonly honest, principles, all the frauds, the robberies, and humbugs of the old, now working so ill here as to bring England even to the verge of revolution, are carried over to enslave the colonies, and, instead of all classes having a fair and equal start for distinction, dependent on their industry, talent, and moral worth, an incipient "aristocracy of official nobodies" is forming, based on the hateful principles which disgust all sensible men in England — favoritism and insolent assumption. A government, formed of

men of no capacity, but of much rapacity, is to be shamefully overpaid out of the sweat of a body of emigrants, in *all* respects its equal, and in many its superior, £20,000 *per annum*, as a *beginning*, to support half a dozen jacks in office, overpaid at £500 a year each! a bishopric, too, further to batten on the people through their superstitions, and soldiers, *not* for protection from the savage, but merely to force the impudent humbug down the throats of the settlers! Truly, the saddle is clapped on the ass sufficiently soon; but the *query* to be well considered by the emigrant is, whether, under such laws, and with such a set of rulers, New Zealand be a desirable place to fly to.

Never upset a man's idol, however stupid or tasteless it may be: you *may* bring it down, it is true; but, with the additional weight on its shoulders of its owner's wounded pride and self-love, the chances are that it

manages to give you a pretty severe rap in its fall, if it don't crush you altogether.

In England, a sovereign is like the figure-head of a ship. True that it goes first, but, though occasionally an ornament, it is of no use for the guidance of the national vessel; whilst, from the usually dull effigy being covered with gold, it costs much more than so equivocal a decoration is worth.

It is a very common occurrence for the same person to receive a very opposite character from different people; by one *clique* he will be called proud, by another modest, by a third presuming and disagreeable, by a fourth most amiable and diffident, and so on, to the end of the list of vices and of virtues. Yet opinions thus pronounced will not so often be consequent on a change of disposition or variability of temper on the part of the person so

denounced or eulogized, as it will depend on the various characters with whom he may come in contact, or the relative circumstances in which he may be placed. When a man of any quickness of feeling falls in with kind and amiable people, intent on showing him all the courtesy and attention in their power, it will generally be met, in return, with gratitude and affection, and he will naturally win golden opinions, shining in the circle of *their* acquaintance as a delightful person; but where, without any caprice on *his* part, the self-same person finds himself amongst proud and arrogant people, bent on displaying their pretensions in an offensive manner, or forcing on his notice their self-elevation in a mode the most humiliating to him, the chances are that the battery of assumption thus opened, will conjure up a citadel of defence unpalatable enough to the *offensives*, who are likely enough to denounce as proud, intractable, and disagreeable, him whom they were unable to overwhelm; and, as their vanity will lead them to conceal

their own objectionable conduct, and point out to their friends merely the results, the successful resister will obtain a character very foreign to that which he merits. On the same principle will differ the character given him by honourable or dishonourable persons. The honest man will be met with confidence, frankness, and liberality, and will accordingly dilate on the amiability of him with whom he has dealings. The crafty cheat, the swindler, or the villain, will (as he ought) be received with coldness and suspicion, if not with a haughty contempt, but which, however deserved, will, as with the tiger disappointed of his spring, raise all the snarling malevolence of a dishonest nature; whilst, laughing truth to scorn as an impertinent intruder, the rogue will stigmatize as "impracticable" or "insubordinate" the straightforward person he was foiled in victimizing. Thus it is that honourable, high-principled people, disdaining to act unworthily by others, yet not inclined to submit to the insolence of the impertinent, or fall a ready prey to the

villany of the fraudulent, will obtain a character more dependent on the conduct of him who pronounces it, than on any temper, caprice, or unamiable qualities, of their own.

In connection with the above subject is this curious effect of the balmy styptic of self-love — that, however notoriously infamous people may be, they rarely choose to understand the reason why any advances on their part should not be received with as much ardour as if they were the most spotless and desirable acquaintances in the world; and, when they find themselves repulsed, never for a moment seem to impute it to their own disreputable characters, but invariably refer it to pride, superciliousness, or some other unamiable feeling on the part of the repellant. The criminal Hunt, after his participation in the murder of Weare, and whilst in the hulks preparatory to his transportation, advanced to shake hands with an old acquaintance, and seemed astonished

that his proffered "pledge of friendship" should be rejected with something like loathing; and similar instances have occurred to the author, who once, in Florence, in 1830, by declining the acquaintance of *Sgricci*, the *improvvisatore*,* drew down upon himself the anathemas of the offended poet, as "*uno dei maladetti Inglese, sempre si freddo e superbo*," "one of those cursed English, always so cold and haughty;" the filthy rhymester never choosing to admit that the coldness of which he complained *could* arise from any other cause than pride. The same complaint was made on meeting, after a lapse of many years, an old acquaintance, once in the commissariat, but who, *ad interim*, had only escaped hanging for felony by extraordinary interest in the highest

* This highly-gifted, nasty beast was as offensive *in* society as *out* of it; the nails of his unwashed fingers were black with dirt, whilst the disgusting odour of garlic, in which he indulged, rendered insupportable any conversation with him; he was, in fact, a vulgar Italian, of low habits, whose brilliant intellect even could not redeem him.

quarters. "Ah, by G—d! Agogos has grown such a d——d fine fellow, he won't know his old friends now;" and thus the author obtained a character for ingratitude and pride simply for shirking the acquaintance of a man who had fallen, not from misfortune, but from guilt, rendered quite impossible to overlook by an incessant reiteration of the most dishonest, nay, *infamous* sentiments. The whole tenour of this man's life had been that of a scoundrel; yet he would assign any other reason for the coolness with which he was received rather than the most obvious one.

"Dear me, what a strange man that Mr. Agogos is! sometimes *so* agreeable, at other times so *dis*agreeable!" said, in an affected tone, a lady of "US" to a mutual acquaintance. Mark *the reason* which seemed to *her* so inexplicable. Young, handsome, and married, as she was, "WE" had yet treated with the greatest possible indulgence certain *liaisons* which gain for a married woman the character of being what the sarcastic Italians designate

as "*una donna di buon' cuore;*" but then the favoured lover was young, passionate, and highly gifted, and friendship might extenuate what it could not exactly approve. But, on my meeting the lady after an absence of two years, during which period this fading beauty had become "too bad for any thing," and, from motives of gain, positively from sheer avarice, (not being herself in destitution, or even poor,) had formed a connection with a wealthy old sinner, whom, nevertheless, she affected to loathe, our interview, as might be supposed under such circumstances, was constrained enough; and, after a *carte* and *tierce*, half jest, half earnest, on the follies of this wicked world, but during which conversation neither could touch on her awkward position, the embarrassing *tête à tête* ended, and I never went again. The gradual sinking down, from a frailty which admitted of palliation, to open profligacy, and a descent to the depths of "splendid infamy," and that from motives the most degrading that could sway a female, was never taken into

account, and led to the observation made by her at the commencement.

Other instances could be adduced, but these will be sufficient to illustrate the manner in which a person may most undeservedly obtain a character for pride and superciliousness, in "not thinking any one good enough for an associate," when, in reality, it is only a proper rebuff to an undesirable acquaintance, and a due sense of what is due to society as well as to ourselves. The progressive sinking of England is in nothing more manifest than in the delicate names invented to soften the most atrocious vices, and to excite indulgence for successful infamy, by holding up its most depraved females as the "VICTIMS OF SOCIETY:" "HARLOT" is too coarse a word, and grates upon the ear.

It has with reason been said that "every little helps;" and, however small a truth may be, it is still a link in the chain of facts, and

may assist in drawing great conclusions. On the coast of Great Britain, *every spring tide brings a gale of wind* — why, I do not pretend to guess; but this fact, such as it is, was first pointed out to me by an old, weather-beaten seaman at Hull, and the observations of twelve years bear testimony to its truth. At neap tides, the winds are generally lulled, but gradually strengthen as the tides acquire force, until they blow furiously when the "springs" have reached their height. The theory of tides is still very obscure; but that the moon has *something* to do with it would seem positive; and the phenomenon of stormy weather three days after the full, and also at the absence of that luminary, is very curious. The influence of the moon on the earth has lately fallen into very undeserved disrepute; but there are many important results attendant on it. *First*, moonlight is very injurious to the eyes, and its rays should be carefully secluded from every bedroom. *Secondly*, meat exposed to moonlight becomes putrid in a few hours. *Thirdly*, moon-

light generates very heavy dews, particularly observable at sea on these coasts, (England.) *Fourthly*, moonlight causes restlessness and nervousness in most people, and, in cases of insanity, its effects are unmistakable. *Fifthly*, in all climates, even in Egypt, moonlight nights *are very cold;* and poets must be very unobservant to choose moonlight as a proper time for making love.

Who, after this, shall deny the great and direct influence of the moon upon the earth?

Poets are the most injurious romancers by which society is deluded; for they excite the feelings or the imagination to such an extent — creating superhuman excellences — that the dull realities of life, its frauds, its meanness, its falsehood, or even its truth, alike sicken and disgust. What must be the inevitable consequence of portraying the glories of a palace to the dwellers in a pig-sty, other than to make them dissatisfied with their lot, and blame the

Almighty for the injustice done them? Besides, so outrageously do poets overcolour much which, in nature, is really excellent, that the eye or the mind passes over it with contempt, in hopes of realizing a gorgeousness or a refinement that never can be attained. Poems are like the meretricious absurdities of poor Turner, where the real scenes, however exquisite in themselves, disappoint, because, in comparison with the prismatically-coloured canvass, they are cold, even to heaviness.* All this might be amusing enough, were it not that a frightful affectation is engendered, which renders ludicrous the efforts of the shoals which are led by such a peacock taste; but, alas! at present, all England seem to be living in the clouds, and, as a consequence, all that is sober and real is spurned as "common-place."

* It is as well to note here, that the writer has *seen* all the crack views in Europe, and a few out of it — the Rhine, the Danube, Constantinople, Cairo, Sicily, Calabria, and Italy *ad nauseam*, and seen them, too, with the eye of an artist, and is therefore competent to give an opinion.

The question is, whether he who attempts to show society what it truly is, in hopes to raise it to a point which *is* attainable, is not the truer benefactor to mankind than he who describes scenes overcoloured to absurdity; as the man who improves the cultivation of an acre of potatoes is of more service to the world than he who sticks a piece of tinsel at the end of a telescope, and swears that you are looking at nature.

In connection with the lies of poets, and the harm they do in causing people to be dissatisfied with realities, follow the lies of modern landscape painters, on which a few words may be useful in correcting a depraved taste.

The characteristics of the Turner school are, colour exaggerated, or rather rainbow hues *supplied*, to a degree which is a libel on one's eyes; mountains are amplified to twice their size, on the plea of giving "grandeur"; tame mounds of earth converted into savage rocks,

or, if the view be on a plain as flat as a pancake, a background of clouds will be so "packed" as to do duty for the range of Alps, which, for the honour of the picturesque, *ought* to have been there; ordinary houses are made to look like palaces, whilst all the accessories are ludicrously overcharged; *any* effect that is overstrained or uncommon is attempted, that the view may look as *unlike* the original as possible; harlequin costumes, never seen on the spot, are introduced, banks of weeds and heaps of rubbish converted into parterres of flowers; in fact, any thing that is fantastic and false is pressed into the service, in the hope to convert a homely landscape into a vale of Eden. GORGEOUS LIES may be poetical, but become impertinences and insults to one's common sense, when put forth as faithful representations of particular spots.

In such imaginary scenes as Linton's "Cities of Ancient Greece," where fancy is authorized to revel uncontrolled, the painter has a right to make his machinery as Olympian, or

as much like the seventh heaven, as his abilities will permit him; for, since there can be no comparison with earthly things, no one has a right to complain; but pictures which profess to be "views" are only valuable as they represent with fidelity places on the earth which circumstances prevent our visiting in person,—in fact, *as a means of supplying information through a powerful auxiliary to written descriptions.* In some "Scriptural Illustrations" which we have recently seen, is a "View of the pyramids from a ferry on the Nile, near Cairo," in which the said pyramids are depicted at least *eight times as large* as, from that spot, they appear in nature.* This may

* The great pyramids, i. e. those of *Ghizeh*, are about eleven miles from Cairo, or a mile and a furlong farther than the distance of Richmond Bridge from Hyde Park Corner; and although, from particular situations, they can be distinctly seen, they are, of course, very small. In all clear atmospheres, distant objects are small, though, from the transparent medium, so distinct as often to appear only half the distance they in reality are. It is fog and haze that magnify and make objects "loom" large, for which reason the low

be a "pious fraud," but it is not a very satisfactory one to the fair devotee who believes that she is looking at a representation as near the reality as painting can make it. There is also a minor degree of reprehensible falsification; it is that of making Scotch or English scenery look as much like Swiss or Italian as possible. On taking up some views apparently Apennine or Calabrian, we found, on reference to the printed description, that we were looking at "*Cumberland Lake scenery*"!! Hovels were converted into *chalêts*, and cockney snuggeries into "*palazzetti*." The great

ranges of mountains in Great Britain sometimes produce grander effects than the Alps, which, indeed, from the distinctness with which they can be seen at an immense distance, and their consequent miniature size, often disappoint those who, for the first time, get a glimpse of them. In Egypt, the moon appears only two thirds of the size that she does in England, simply *because the atmosphere is so much clearer*. A cockney lady, visiting in Aberdeenshire, and depreciating every thing Scotch, said, "Poh! Why, even your moon is not half as large as ours"—an optical delusion, which, as far as *sight* went, almost justified her remark.

merit of making English scenery look *like* English scenery, — of giving it its true and unmistakable character, — was overlooked in the attempt to make it "classical," *i. e.* as *unlike* English, and as much like Italian, as possible. All this is in wretched taste, as part of that system of falsehood and delusion which is dragging England to its downfall. The painter is as much bound to truth as the writer; *for*, *when accurate*, the information he conveys is almost as valuable. What should we say to Parry, Ross, or, indeed, to *any* traveller, if, instead of writing the simple truth about distant regions, where *faithfulness alone is knowledge*, they rather wrote up to our preconceived ideas, however false they might be? As Eastern dramas are "got up" on the stage for mere effect,* should we not deservedly treat them

* Literature occasionally, however, comes in for its share of censure. A lady, (since dead,) who had written some very popular works on India, was one evening, in society, attacked, with more justice than gallantry, by an old East India colonel, with having "told a parcel of d——d *lies* about the coun-

with contempt, as lying romancers? As things go, no one can place reliance on any view he sees; all confidence is shaken; for, judging by the disappointment which the *voyageur* feels in comparing even the most celebrated views in nature with their pictorial representations, he reasonably enough doubts *all* that may subsequently come under his notice. Amongst the most accurate views that we have seen, and which, so far, are exceptions to the rule, are those of Constantinople, by Bartlett, and also by Allom, although the latter painter has chosen to introduce costumes which have been laid aside by Turks for the last fifteen years, and which, in illustrations professing to be Turkey

try." The accusation was too true to be contradicted in the face of so competent and uncompromising a judge, so was laughed off by the authoress with, "Why, you know, colonel, one *must* dress up these things to suit the palate of the public." Yet such "romancing," in works purporting to be "authority," is sadly subversive of all principle, and the lady deserved the homely rebuke. It is this "dressing up to suit the taste," instead of correcting it, which is the root and evil of our present false position.

as it is at the present day, is unfair. We WANT THE TRUTH, THE NAKED, UNADORNED TRUTH; for that alone, by its correctness, can assist our judgment. Until we can rely on what we *see* in pictures, as well as on what we hear or read, we are furnished with base metal for pure, and all confidence between man and man must be destroyed, until, as a nation, we sink beneath the glittering trumpery which we have heaped upon ourselves, and, as a consummation fast approaching, our national character will be degraded into a race of liars and swindlers, a "by-word and a reproach," as men in whom truth, honour, and honesty, are not.*

We never see the mass of women *en costume*, without being reminded of the artificial

* If any one doubt this as the national character which we are fast acquiring, let him run his eye down the advertisement sheet of the "*Times*," and see *there* the numerous snares, in the shape of advertisements, to entrap the unwary, scarcely

flies used in angling — tricked out, also, with much the same object, only that, like St. Peter, women are "fishers for men;" else for what purpose are they bedizened with scraps of ribbon, — blue, red, or yellow, — or bits of velvet, and other trumpery, stuck here and there without any meaning, if it be not as an incentive? It is thus that the black and meagre hook is concealed with which they hope to catch gudgeons, instead of being baited with simplicity, modesty, and solid acquirements, in the reasonable desire to attract partners worthy of their respect. But all will not do; any man *worth*

one of which, when fairly investigated, but is a lure to rob a confiding man of his money. Look at the stock exchange and *its* schemes of plunder, joint stock societies, loan societies, advertisements to borrow money, and advertisements to lend it; look at the plausible "investments"; *search thoroughly* into any thing that is offered or done in England, and then judge if we are not a nation of swindlers. Business men laugh, and say, "Every thing is fair in trade." But what becomes of our character for honesty and truth? What do foreigners now say of us? Who will trust us as they once did? None; and they would be fools were they so to do.

having is disgusted, instead of allured, by the meretricious displays thus thrust under his nose, and he eyes the tinselled bait with suspicion. The Golden Age, the Iron Age, and the Age of Bronze, have passed away, and this, *par excellence*, is the PLATED AGE, — the Age of Flashy Worthlessness. No wonder that women find a difficulty in getting husbands; for what are the greater part worth as wives? Absolutely nothing. The silvery Sheffield wash in which they are dipped wears off too quickly to answer its purpose, and betrays too clearly to impose on the wary bachelor the valueless material beneath. In England, at least, every year will increase the difficulties of prudent men marrying; for the sterling silver ladies of other days have given place to plated dolls, useless as wives, and but of doubtful merit as ornaments; whilst the extravagant cost is a thousand per cent. beyond their real worth. The succeeding age will, from reaction, be one of homespun and worsted stockings; and then, *but not until then*, will that society, at present

so woefully thrown off its balance, recover itself; the solid and substantial will take precedence of glittering nothingness, and England will once more rise from the depths of meanness, vanity, frivolity, and dishonesty, into which she is now sunk, her statesmen unprincipled, her sons swindlers, and her daughters any thing but desirable as wives.

Nota bene: Young ladies will do well to remember that these opinions are shared by thousands of worthy young men, who are afraid to connect themselves with women of qualifications so equivocal.*

On the Pretensions of the Families of professional Men to take Rank with themselves.

This is a delicate subject to approach; yet it is necessary that *some one* should be hardy

* It gives us the greatest pleasure to remark that, as far as the experience of the author goes, the above strictures do not apply to American society, which, as yet, seems to retain that

enough to be explicit, in hopes of allaying, as far as may be, the heartburnings, bickerings, and ill feeling, generated in the breasts of professional men by their wives' not receiving that share of personal consideration lavished on themselves. It has been, and still *is*, a fertile theme for complaint; and society at large has most unjustly been accused of impertinence or pride, when, in reality, the claims made on it were unwarrantable — often, indeed, quite ridiculous.

It is not of the three professions alone recognized by the state that we purpose to treat, (*id est*, of arms, the church, or the law,) but of those occupations which have only sprung into importance since the decline of the

wholesome mingling of the graceful with the useful, which forms the brightest combination of qualities women can possess, and the *want* of which is so justly deplored. That England is on the wane, there can be no doubt; for it is rotten at the core; nor can all the arts by which it has been so long bolstered up avail to save it from sinking, since the thongs of HUMBUG stretch until they snap, and but a strand or two remain to uphold it from its ruin.

feudal system, and which, therefore, have neither rank nor station assigned them, as those of poets, painters, actors, or musicians, — men who merely float on the surface of society, whose studies are more dependent on a peculiar talent or fancy than on learning or sound sense, and who, though rarely possessing claims on the score of birth or fortune, contribute by their abilities (in a greater degree, indeed, than the recognized professions) to the delight of every other class of society. The man of genius stands apart, possessor of a distinction conferred on him by the Divinity, and before which titled mediocrity must and *does* bow; still, it is to that talent alone he is indebted for a higher place in society than his original position would usually warrant, his very appearance in such circles being a tribute of respect paid to his gifts. So far, all is well; the gates of a conventional barrier have opened to receive him, and an earthly aristocracy admits the claims of a patent of nobility granted by the great Creator. Here, however, the

privilege ends: in emancipating himself from the trammels of an inferior station, the man of genius has reaped the reward of his natural superiority; he has equalized the accident of birth, and the acquisition of mundane wealth; and it is too much to expect that equal consideration should be extended to whomsoever he may have chosen to select as the partner of his career, however little entitled to notice the lady may be by birth, ability, accomplishment, or manners. The genius of a Raphael conferred but a trifling distinction on his colour-grinder, and the wife even of a Shakspeare is all but unrecorded.

The wives of members of the three orthodox (and one doubtful*) professions, however unmerited their claims may in reality be, are, by a fiction of society, supposed to be "gentlewomen," and, as such, to have acquired from their connections the education and hab-

* The medical, equivocal as far as any rank it may confer on its practitioners or their wives.

its of their class, thus being, in all respects, qualified to take an equal rank with their husbands. But how different is it, in most cases, with the families of men who have *no position* in society beyond that into which individual merit enables them to climb! What claims can *their* wives advance, beyond the respect to which all are entitled who fulfil with decency the ordinary duties of life? Surely none. We do not introduce into the dessert of choice fruits the *bed* on which the melon has reposed, nor grant to the *harp* of the bard the admiration elicited by his poetic inspirations.

As genius is, in most cases, the offspring of sharp-witted necessity, goaded into notice by want, or whipped into exertion by the stinging stimulant of neglect, poets and painters often marry at so early a period of their lives, that those powers are immature by which they are ultimately to attain distinction; nay, are sometimes dormant, or unsuspected even by themselves; and, in such cases, they naturally connect themselves with persons of their then rank

of life, careless about higher qualifications than the homely industry and humble education a probably limited income could command; and rarely, indeed, in the choice of their wives, do they anticipate that fame which is to elevate them so far above their fellows; for, however fiercely the "divine spark" may glow, a genius, vegetating on thirty shillings a week, can hardly make so sure of his success in after life as to select from out all others that woman alone whose acquirements and manners will cast a grace round the brilliant poet or painter of two thousand a year; the consequence of which is, that, whilst the man of talent rises in refinement with his fame, — his views expanding with his fortunes, and his feelings sympathizing with the higher society to which his reputation has given him access, — *his wife remains the same she ever was*, dull, perhaps, and commonplace, if not positively uneducated and vulgar, and therefore not justified in struggling for a preëminence which she has not a single qualification to sustain. If, indeed, the wife of a

man of genius be, also, a woman of genius, having merits and accomplishments of her own to justify her ambition, the case is altered, and society will, in general, be but too willing to welcome the double attraction, and warmly to cherish a satellite which has power to add a sparkle to the planet whose brilliancy first brought it into notice — but not otherwise. Silver may be so much alloyed by lead as to become too heavy for circulation; and the society of a man of genius may be purchased at such a drawback in those connected with him as scarcely to render his presence desirable.

Only weigh the position of a man of rank, possessing the taste to appreciate genius, with the means and wish to enjoy it, endeavoring to assemble at his board, or in his saloons, the choicest wits of the day, — men gifted with every talent necessary to shine in society, or, perhaps, quieter gems, who, if they do not sparkle, *glow* with a deeper genius, — the poet, the painter, the author, and the caricaturist.

Look at this nobleman, who, with a chosen intellectual few of his own high station, in themselves elegant and graceful, is desirous of enjoying the society of such men as Moore, Theodore Hook,* Dickens, Lover, "H. B.," Hood, George Cruikshanks, and many others equally gifted, and only fancy the wives of these men all insisting on accompanying their husbands,† thus doubling the number, swelling the seven into fourteen, one half of whom are dead weights in society, where, without them, all would be unalloyed brilliancy. If (as it

* Now, alas! dropped off the hooks.

† We know not whether the above-named gentlemen be married, or still rejoice in "single blessedness," nor what the claims of their wives (if they happen to have any) may be: we have merely selected them as popular men, gifted in the highest degree with those *talens de société* which add an additional value to their more solid acquirements. Who, in society, does not prefer the available talents of such versatile wights to that platina-like merit one occasionally meets, the sterlingness of which, as it does not shine, must, in a great degree, be taken for granted? A Sheridan would be a more agreeable companion than a Sir Isaac Newton, and a Faraday delight where a Porson would only puzzle.

rarely happens) the geniuses be sufficiently rich to maintain, in the dresses of their wives, at least the "outward and visible sign" of equality, — of that equality which, in *some shape or other*, is requisite to render our associates tolerable, — still the woman is seldom meet company for the elegance which, in her own sex, rank and fashion usually confer, and about which women are more tenacious with each other than men; but if (as it *often* happens) the wife of the professional man be dressed in ill-assorted trumpery, in addition to her being a nonentity, the mere fact of her being the wife of a gifted man is *not* enough to justify her intrusion on those who seek the society of her husband for a genius exclusively his own. Joe Grimaldi, being a lion, might not prevent Mrs. Grimaldi from becoming a bore. How often is the lament made, "How we should like to get 'Sparkle,' 'Maulstick,' 'Farceur,' and 'Bellavoce,' together! what *fun* we should have! But then there's that horrible Mrs. Maulstick, and the other women, so ill-dressed and stupid,

uselessly swelling our party, alloying, with their dulness, the brilliancy of their husbands, and spoiling our enjoyment." Such things are constantly said, and, moreover, with great truth; therefore every professional man, before he attempts to thrust his wife into a society above her calibre, should ask himself what *her* claims may be, and whether *her* talents or accomplishments, *her* beauty or elegance, will repay her admission into a circle where such advantages alone can counterbalance the absence of wealth or station; for, if not, he had better leave her at home.

The following wicked story is on record; it may or may not be true; but, at any rate, it will illustrate the sentiments of the respective qualifications — talent against rank: — A painter of some reputation, being in treaty with a nobleman to execute certain pictorial commissions, was invited to prosecute his studies at the princely castle of the peer, where pure air, beautiful scenery, superior quiet, and all the *agrémens* which wealth and station can

command, were held forth as inducements, (more probably as a compliment to the talent of Mr. Easel than any necessity for his society.) The painter hesitated. "But, my lord, I am married, and my wife won't like to be left by herself." "O, my dear sir, by all means bring Mrs. Easel! the countess will be delighted to receive her," was the courteous reply. "But — *but* we have three children, my lord, and Mrs. Easel could not leave her family behind." "Well, then, d——n it, bring your wife, children, and the whole tribe, if you like," said the good-natured earl, with a shrug of disgust, startled out of his proprieties (as well he might be) by such a forcing-pump. And thus was a courtly society saddled, for several weeks, with a whole family in whom they could not possibly take an interest, when a desire to receive the head of it *as an associate* was, in itself, but problemetical.

We *could* multiply instances, but as, perhaps, they would be still more *un-palette*-able, we trust the application of the one quoted will

not be lost, or, at the least, that it will lead persons similarly situated to consider, before being nettled at a fancied impertinence, how far such an assumption is well grounded, and what claims their wives may have to the same distinction as themselves.

AMBITION is a "lucifer" applied to a barrel of gunpowder, the explosion of which, where it succeeds in blowing one man into a niche, dashes twenty to atoms. In either case, the match by which it was ignited has been a "lucifer."

In a country like England, marriage rivets the chains of the dependent; for, if poor, the married man with a family is much in the position of the criminal in Holland, whose only alternative from drowning depends on his incessantly pumping out from his dungeon the

water which, by the relaxation of a single hour, would rise up and overwhelm him. The more readily the mass marry, the more easily do they become the prey of that class who revel in the luxuries of the country, the revenues of which they have usurped, and which they lavish on themselves. It is upon the follies, the vices, and the weaknesses, of the needy that legislators speculate, to plunder and to trample on them. With the multitude, therefore, marriage is only another word for irremediable SLAVERY.

Every man of genius, whilst working his way up in the world, is an object of hatred until his superiority is established beyond the possibility of its being disputed, or of his being pulled down again to the ordinary level; and, even then, the respect which he receives is more in proportion to his success in a worldly sense than to his real merit. The *poor* man of talent is only a more conspicuous object

for envious dogs to bark at, if only to make him feel that they have the power to wound the possessor of a genius which they lack the intellect to emulate. How keenly must Byron have felt this when he wrote the following passage! —

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below."
CHILDE HAROLD, canto iii.

How many *have* felt this before Byron breathed their thoughts into immortality! How many *will* feel this to the end of all time! For to witness the elevation of another is a mortification to the pride of men even of the lowest capacity, the meanest souled feeling it the most, and resenting it with the greatest virulence.

Once set fire to the train of a man's ambition, and it will never cease to burn until it

reaches the glittering "Catharine Wheel" by which he has been dazzled, or, failing that, has scorched the luckless aspirant to a cinder.

It not unfrequently happens that a man of limited capacity, overstraining his powers, becomes a madman in his peculiar vocation. Yet how is it possible for a man to know how much he has the talent to achieve, until he finds himself fairly out of his depth, and failure has taught him that he has passed the point at which he should have stopped? This has been ludicrously exemplified in the case of Wilkie, who, as long as he adhered to the "Blind Fiddler" or "Domestic Scene" school, interwove the sentiment of a Guercino with the *minutiæ* of a Teniers, and was that faithful painter's worthy follower; but when he left the little for the heroic,

"Ye gods, what a fall was there!"

from the collection of wooden caricatures in

his "John Knox preaching," up to the slimy style of his larger pictures, looking, for all the world, as if they had been painted with boiled snails, — hideously-vulgar, "*drabby*" portraits, — witness the half-washed phiz of that "sovereign lady" the Queen Victoria, looking more like a cinder wench going to a "Tea Gardens on a Saturday" than a young gentlewoman. Such has been the consequence of a tiny mind grappling with subjects far above its calibre. In like manner is it with the poet or the novelist. A man may write a sparkling epigram or a sentimental song well enough, but be utterly incapable of sustaining the grander imaginings necessary to emulate a Milton, or even a Byron. So with the would-be novelist. Witness the failures of Miss Landon, Hood, and of Lover, when they essayed to shadow forth the prolonged creations necessary to render three volumes interesting. Such would also be the result with the novelist of reputation, were he to attempt the more stately march of history. Look at Walter Scott's

biography of Napoleon, — heavy without majesty, dull without redemption, and prejudiced by the narrow party feelings of the writer; a mere Tory grappling with one of the gods of the earth! What a failure was that! In painting, look at Fuseli setting up his distorted caricatures, in hopes to beard Michael Angelo; or witness the lamentable, crack-brained productions of poor Turner, in quitting the poetic to revel in all the wild creations of insanity. So it is, in general, with minds stepping over their natural limits; they come down with a run to which that of Icarus was a mere *glissade*, and generally contrive to qualify themselves for a lunatic asylum.

It is sufficiently humiliating, to an honest nature, for a man to feel that, in this world, he must, of necessity, be either an ASS, a LIAR, or a HYPOCRITE; an ASS, if he believes that which is unceasingly attempted to be thrust down his throat; a LIAR, to *say* that he be-

lieves it when he does not; or a HYPOCRITE, to uphold that which he feels not to be true; and yet, notwithstanding all this, a man is wanting in worldly wisdom if he attempt to stem the current of prejudice which those whom he knows to be rogues endeavour to excite against him, unless he conforms to all the villanies which they have laid down in order to subjugate and prey upon the mass. Then comes the question, how, in the face of these undeniable facts, is he to better himself? or whether he is not likely to despise human nature, having a reasonable contempt both for the rogues and for the fools.

A torrent of misery closes the springs of the soul, whilst the floodgates of the heart open with a touch.

AN INSULT IS TWICE AS DEEP AS AN APOLOGY An insult strikes to the

heart, and rankles there; whilst an apology merely skins over the surface, but never heals the wound. To persons impertinently disposed, what a warning ought not this to be!

Enthusiasm is generally supposed to be inseparable from genius; yet that unqualified rapture, or equally unreasonable disapprobation, which, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, constitutes "enthusiasm," is invariably the indication of a second-rate mind, and generally is only indulged in by those who wish to pass for geniuses at a very cheap rate — that is, not by the creation of great works, but by merely being at the trouble of giving a boisterous opinion. Shrieks of admiration, or torrents of condemnation, are the safety-valves of a very shallow judgment. Great works — the labors of great men, whether in poetry, painting, literature, or war — are invariably the results of profound reflection, knowledge, and calculation, requiring profound reflection to appreciate

them; and that is obviously opposed to such violent demonstrations of ecstasy or of disgust The proof of this is, that the greatest geniuses who have ever lived have been calm, and, *externally*, unimpassioned. In war, Buonaparte and Wellington were both, in the prosecution of their duties, so cold in manner as to *seem* hearts of stone, having no feeling; whilst Cœur de Lion, Charles XII., and Murat, *all* "enthusiasts," were, in reality, very second-rate personages. In literature, Milton and Shakspeare, men of mighty minds, were calm and reflective; and their great works, in which every line is a text, require too much reflection, even to understand them, to admit of such explosive sallies miscalled "enthusiasm." What great judges ever *shouted* at the labours of Raphael in the Vatican, or the fine pictures of Guido at Bologna, or Rembrandt at the Hague? *They could not;* for the beauties only reveal themselves by degrees, and reward the contemplator only in proportion to his reflection and study.

REAL ENTHUSIASM, THE CONCOMITANT OF

TRUE GENIUS, is shown in quiet perseverance, or in a tranquil appreciation, because the mind is satisfied, and never in a torrent of noisy verbosity. Those boisterous sallies of feeling, generally affected, and usually without judgment, are but the counterfeits of genius; and you will seldom be wrong in your conclusion that the embodier of this pseudo enthusiasm is a HUMBUG.

The influence of example is a terrible responsibility on the shoulders of every individual. Each single drunkard, gambler, or "man of gallantry," (i. e. *seducer*,) is the centre of a circle round whom some will cluster, applaud, and imitate; and, in the same degree, every sober and moral man, purely from the force of his example, has power, first of restraining vice, and then of shaming the worthless into sobriety and decency. Each class, therefore, according to its actions, will be a nucleus of virtue or of vice; and the blessing

on the one, or the curse on the other, will be shown in either the improvement or the demoralization of society. How ought this reflection to make the evil-disposed tremble!

To-morrow, chased by time, flies before us to eternity — a point that can never be reached.

True philosophy consists in doing all the good that we can, in learning all the good we can, in teaching to others all the good we can, in bearing, to the best of our ability, the various ills of life, and in enjoying with gratitude every honest pleasure that comes in our way.

To a man of penetration there are few things so revolting as to find himself consid-

ered a fit subject to be made a dupe of; and, if his strength of mind be equal to his clear-sightedness, there are no means that he will not take to expose each lie as it is told, no efforts he will not make to unwind himself from the intricate mesh in which the rogues seek to embarrass and confound him, if it be only to heal the wound which his self-love has received, to clear himself of the sneers of the world, and to show that he is not such a fool as he has been believed. The characteristic of this world is a shallow cunning, shown in a continual attempt to deceive, often without wisdom enough to take measures that shall be effectual.

We sin with facility, but repentance is a slow process; as it is easy enough to swallow poison, though the cure of its evil effects may be long and doubtful. We can, without much trouble, leap into the crater of Ætna; but to jump *out* again requires stronger sinews than

most people can boast. In fact, we may in one moment do that which can entail on us years of remorse. Were people duly to reflect on these truths, half the scrapes they get into would be avoided.

Always form your own opinion of a person, and never allow another, even your most intimate friend, to judge for you, as he may not have half the power of discriminating character that you yourself possess. Never allow yourself to be talked out of any thing against your better judgment, nor talked *into* any thing, unless you see clearly that the reasons advanced are more powerful than your own. If possible, never temporize with a shabby fellow, but get rid of him at once, even if you affront him; it will save you much trouble in the end. It is the most difficult thing in the world to get rid of a crafty person, bent on obtaining any particular advantage over you; he will attempt to wear you out by perseverance,

and you may as well quarrel with him at first as at last; you can but get the character of being an "impracticable man," and the chances are, that the fraternity will leave you alone, as "too troublesome a personage" to answer their purpose. In this way "we" have avoided many a bit of premeditated roguery.

We often find minds of the most contemptible calibre concealed under a gentlemanly exterior; yet it is *gentlemanly feeling alone* that constitutes a man a gentleman, and not a fashionable dress or tolerable manners; a high principle of honour, that would disdain to do a dirty action, or to avail itself of any base means to further an object, however desirable. If this lofty spirit be wanting, wealth or fashion will but gild a sorry scoundrel.

In mercantile communities, it is the want of this chivalric feeling, rather than their want of birth, that engenders the contempt which the few invested with feudal honours feel

towards the debased many. How can the high-spirited gentleman, of honourable principle and noble soul, associate with a man who would consider the meanest treachery or the boldest lie justifiable, if it would facilitate the object which he had in view? Yet trade is but too often only successfully carried on by means and feelings at variance with every sentiment that a gentleman should cherish. It is this low feeling, i. e., a mean, paltry spirit, capable of any baseness, envy of all superior to them, treachery, falsehood, and detraction, that, in spite of any pretension to the contrary, constitutes a low tone of society. As it is truth, principle, frankness, and nobility of soul, that alone entitles any body of men to consider themselves "gentlemen," yet how often is it, on the mere pride of wealth, positively unaccompanied by one ennobling feeling, that men arrogate to themselves a superiority over their fellows! How often, if they do not speak it, do they *act* it! How often does the meanest in spirit hug himself on being considered "a

gentleman," on the strength of a good coat, or a style dependent on the skill of his tailor, choosing to overlook, and hoping that the world will not see, the dirty motives by which his actions through life have been governed! How often is the unlettered savage imbued with the lordly feeling of "a gentleman," whilst civilization is crowded with miserable pretenders to such a distinction, beyond the appointments that money can command, or a simial imitation of the manners of the truly elevated!

Concluding Remarks.

It has been suggested, by some friends, that the strictures in this book on the present state of female society in England may, from a feeling of *esprit du corps*, excite a sensation amongst the ladies of America. The author, however, cannot imagine that so hyper a degree of sensitiveness is probable; the state of society in the one country differs so essentially from that

of the other, that what is perfectly true when applied to England is hardly likely to make those wince who are three thousand miles off; should it do so, he can only infer that the evil of which he complains has extended farther than was previously imagined possible. If, therefore, any very sensitive lady choose to apply what is written to herself, or to the society in which she moves, she has only her own consciousness of deserving it to accuse, and the author must stand absolved from any charge of ungallantry.

Acknowledged evils, consequent on a dangerous system of education in England, are pointed out, in the hope that such an analysis may lead to their being remedied. At present, all the solid or desirable acquirements necessary to make girls useful members of society are sacrificed for a frippery, superficial system of accomplishments, that unfits the *portionless* female as a companion to any man dependent on his skill or industry for a livelihood. The result of this is, that a man of prudence *is*

afraid to marry; the burden of such a wife is *too onerous* for him to risk; and he must either remain single, or be swayed in his choice by the fortune that a lady so educated must bring him. How can the great mass of men *honestly* support women cursed with the wants, tastes, and habits, of a class of society a thousand times above them in means and position? The honourable dare not try; therefore, from sheer prudence, they remain single; whilst the girls must be single per force. That this evil has long been felt, a passage from a letter written by Salt, the late consul for Egypt, will show. He says, "The blessings of a highly-civilized state of society scarcely make up *for the curse of a single life* which it entails on half its members." — *Life of Salt*, vol. ii. p. 63. — And this state of things has increased to such an extent, that the dangerous consequences can scarcely be estimated; and, if any further confirmation be wanting, we would refer to the very lively and true pictures of society by Mrs. Gore. The wiles and intrigues of artful moth-

ers to catch wealthy simpletons as husbands for their daughters, to the ruin of the happiness of both parties, form but *one* item in the catalogue of ill. Those who know any thing of life in England, *know how terribly true* is the analysis of the gifted authoress. Nor has the subtile poison of affectation and unjustifiable display confined itself to the "fashionable" portion of society, but has instilled its baneful influence down to the very humblest. Reflective men in England *know* the host of evils which result from these things, and which here we can scarcely hint at. Suffice it to observe that they strike at the foundation of all that is virtuous or moral. Clubs, for a large class of educated men, have superseded the *necessity* of their being burdened with "domestic establishments" of their own. An immense body of the daughters of the lower tradesmen *will* dress far beyond what their means justify; and the funds are readily obtained from the juvenile members of the above-named palace-like hostelries, who, in consequence, feel that mat-

rimony would be but an equivocal addition to their pleasures. BUT WHAT BECOMES OF THE LADIES OF THEIR OWN RANK? *They must remain single.*

This feeling, also, to its fullest extent, pervades the male part of the secondary classes. What becomes of the daughters of professional men, who, from a precarious and uncertain income, rarely have the power of bestowing on the female branches of their families the means to support even the most simple habits, much less the host of artificial wants which ill-digested accomplishments engender. The expensive dress of some woman of ample fortune must be imitated, *some how or other*, and cheap trash is made to do duty for expensive materials, in order *to cheat the eye of the world.* Plated candlesticks must pass muster as silver; silk stockings must be worn where worsted would be more appropriate; a desperate attempt at the piano-forte must torture the unfortunate wight who obtains this illusive treasure; or else what becomes of the "gentility"? Italian *bravure*,

or French *chansons*, at the very least, must supersede the simple English ballad, which otherwise might, by some happy accident, be tolerably well sung. But, worse than all this, the children of these fine ladies must be brought up in the same manner, and with the same meretricious tastes and feelings, ultimately to run the same career. Therefore men without private fortunes are very wary how they venture to encounter such a host of drawbacks; so *they* remain single; and who can wonder? These things lead to prostitution and to suicide, on the one hand, or to vicious connections and single *cursed*ness on the other; and the evil is yearly increasing. This is neither an imaginary nor overdrawn statement, but is admitted and lamented by the prudent few. Long may America be free from such evils! Let her daughters be simple in their habits and tastes; and they may be so without being vulgar. Let *them* shun a vortex that will ultimately ingulf their happiness, and remember that worsted stockings, when honourably obtained, are bright-

er in the eyes of the just than the silken hose which lead their husbands to fraud or bankruptcy.

Such are the opinions of the author, gleaned either from his own personal experiences in the world, or noted from a careful observation of what has occurred to others. Whether he has gone through life with his eyes shut, or, if open, whether he has seen any thing worthy of being recorded, must be left to the decision of his readers.

EXPERTO CREDE.

To settle the question of authorship of the "Hints on Etiquette," there will be found in the "Morning Chronicle" and "Times," London newspapers of July 6th, 1837, a detailed account of a trial — DAY *v.* WHITAKER — which took place in the Court of Queen's Bench, relative to this work, and in which the defendant, WHITAKER, was cast for a piracy of the said work.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"'HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.'

"Many persons in the 'polite world' would profit by a perusal of these suggestions. There is considerable shrewdness and humor in them, as well as knowledge of the theory, and experience in the practice, of good-breeding."

COURT JOURNAL.

"A little publication has just come under our notice, which claims attention neither on account of its apparent consequence, use, or that of its author's name, but for its real, simple usefulness. This elegant work, entitled 'HINTS ON

ETIQUETTE AND THE USAGES OF SOCIETY, WITH A GLANCE AT BAD HABITS,' should be put into the hands of every young man. A knowledge of the forms established by the conventional authority of society can never be safely dispensed with. It is equally necessary to the most elevated and the most ordinary mind; and not less to the man of principle and piety than to the man of the world. * * *

"We hail, therefore, with sincere satisfaction, the appearance of this little work, which is evidently written by a person not simply possessing experience in society, but of much good sense and kindliness of feeling."

MAGAZINE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY,
(written by a Clergyman.)

"'HINTS ON ETIQUETTE' is no catchpenny publication, but a popular abstract of the code of ceremony, which, like the common law of the land, though not written, is by some well understood. The circle of select society is every day widening for the admission of candidates resting their claims on wealth and talent only; and amongst them are many to whom such a mute master of the ceremonies will be useful. Our Gentleman Usher has none of the footman airs of the silver fork school of breeding, nor is he content with enumerating rules; he gives the *rationale* of each. What is more, the reader will be reminded that the spirit of true gentility is unselfishness."

SPECTATOR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"HINTS ON ETIQUETTE AND THE USAGES OF SOCIETY is the title of a neat little volume just published in this city. The author is Charles W. Day. It was originally published in England, and has gone through twenty editions in that country, and is now adapted to American society by the author. It contains many useful suggestions, and its effect, we trust, will be to correct bad habits, and improve the manners, and of course the morals, of the age."

MERCANTILE EVENING JOURNAL.

"We know many a one to whom this pretty volume would be an inestimable new year's present, provided the receiver would study it as it deserves. Most of its injunctions are founded on good taste and good feeling, and an attention to them all would greatly improve the manners of society in general."

BOSTON POST.

"A work of this kind is much needed in our circles of intelligent society; and though we have not had leisure to scan the precise merits of this work, we presume its rules and instructions are such as are approved of by the *haut ton* on both sides the water. It should be in the possession of young men just entering society, and of many old ones who violate the most common rules of politeness."

TRAVELLER.

"We have long wished to see a work like this, which may be called a 'Manual of Manners,' adapted to the common occasions of social intercourse. The directions display a perfect acquaintance with good society, with fine taste, and excellent sense." SCOTSMAN.

"This is a little volume to which we can award our unqualified approbation The book will be universally read, and the more so the better.' EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"'HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.'

"In our last number, we published some extracts from an excellent little work bearing the above title; and we regret that, inadvertently, we omitted to mention the quarter from whence they were derived. * * * *

"It is evidently the production of a person accustomed to move in good society." THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"'AGOGOS' is the High Priest of the last triumph of civilized man. He teaches struggling ignorance how to conduct itself with propriety and elegance." ATLAS.

"If any person wishes to be *au fait* in these matters, he should procure this book; if he have the least curiosity, he will procure it, and find it an extraordinary production."

BOSTON TIMES.

"We opened this little work with avidity. It is the production of one whose fame, as an accomplished leader and arbiter in fashionable life, has preceded it for some years, throughout the United States, and may well impart to it the weight of grave authority. We read it to the close without interruption, and with the greater interest, from finding in it, as we went on, much more than a bare list of rules of intercourse; and we rose from our chair gratified by the perusal, full of good feeling towards its author."

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

For the proper English use of "round"
not "around" — no one American
would say (generally) : —
"whose manners will cast
a square round a bottle and
poet etc" p. 153.